# Saturday Review

December 26, 1964 25¢


RECORDINGS

The new Pavilion at the Music Center for the Performing Arts in Los Angeles, Cal. (For a report on the opening see Recordings)

## THE MOVIES AND THE CRITICS

### SR's Annual Film Survey

---

## NEW YEAR'S ART RESOLUTIONS: 10 DON'TS

### By Katharine Kuh


BIG SANDY TEX



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TALENT SCOUT

This General Motors personnel expert is searching out bright young talent. He and others like him are charged with the important task of selecting the best prospects from among thousands of qualified people for jobs in industry. He conducts interviews at dozens of colleges every year.

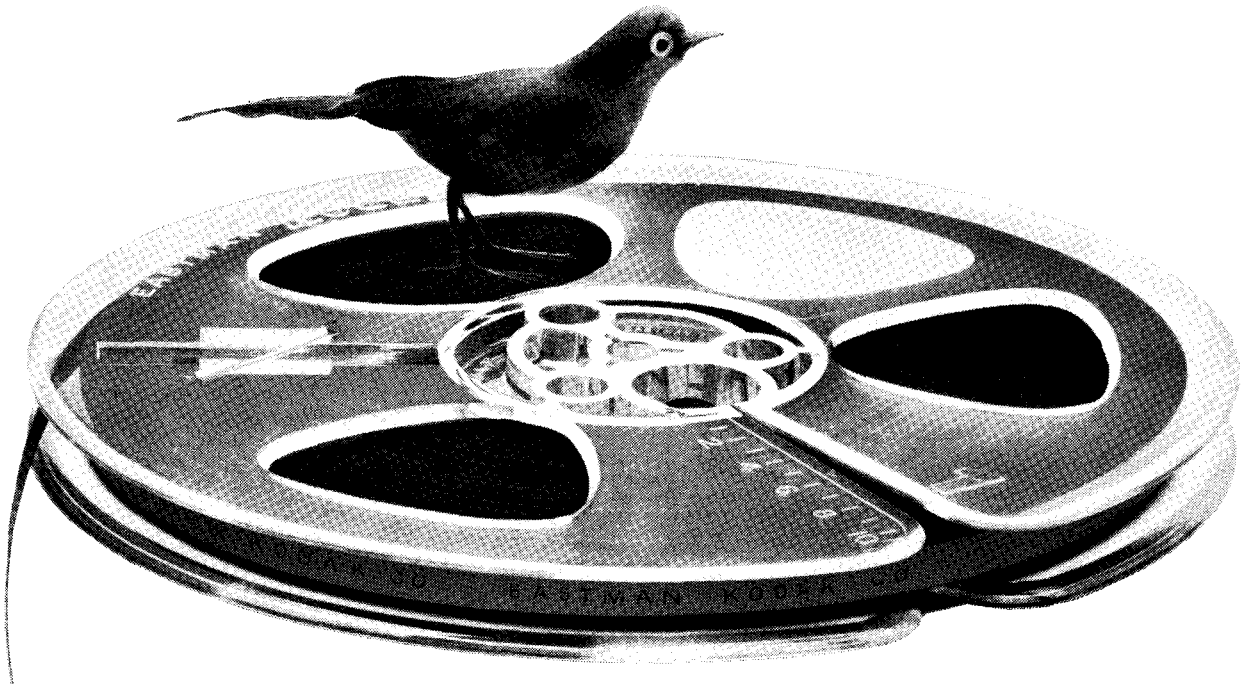
His job calls for an analytical and understanding mind. He is very careful to get all the facts before making a decision. He looks into the background of each student—scholarship, mental attitude, previous work experience, health and scope of interests. Often the difference between the merely competent person and the future leader can be reduced to a matter of desire. It takes expert judgment to spot the real thing.

Getting its share of outstanding young men each year is vital to General Motors' future. And so, naturally, are the "talent scouts" who find them for us. They deserve much of the credit for the continuing success of the GM team.

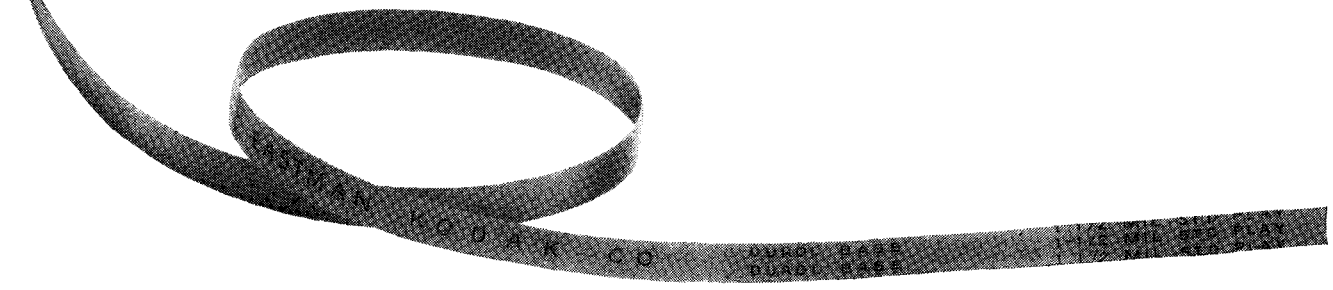
## GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

**Making Better Things For You**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Why does **Kodak** backprint tape?



**1. So you know it's Kodak tape**
(which, you will quickly learn, means highly superior tape)

**2. So you always know the type of Kodak tape you're using**
(Important when tape gets separated from original box or reel)

**3. So you know which end of the tape is "in," which is "out."**
(You select the desired track without guesswork)

**4. So manufacturing quality can be checked foot-by-foot from start to finish.**
(Nothing we make is more carefully controlled for uniformity)

**If you made a product as fine … you'd be proud to put you… e on it, too!**

©Eastman Kodak Company MCMLXI

Kodak
TRADEMARK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



# *Saturday Review*

**December 26, 1964**

Cover Photograph by Welton Becket



**SR: Ideas**

10 *SR*'s Annual Film Survey: Articles by Hollis Alpert, John Frankenheimer, Andrew Sarris, Otto Preminger, and Thom Anderson

20 The Grand Tradition: An editorial

**SR: Recordings**

43 Bloom in the Cultural Desert, by Arthur Knight

**SR: Books**

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

23 Index of books reviewed

**SR: Departments**

6 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin

7 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller

8 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi

9 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace

21 Letters to the Editor

22 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on *Profiles in Courage*

25 Literary Crypt

28 Photography, by Margaret R. Weiss

31 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears Astrid Varnay in Strauss's *Elektra*

32 The Fine Arts: Katharine Kuh with ten New Year's resolutions

33 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews plays by Shaw and Pinter

39 Literary I.Q.

59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1603



Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 52, December 26, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."


© 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited.


Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

Leaders are developed, not grown! And our colleges, through quality education, can develop them best.

Today America needs leaders in constantly increasing numbers—educated leaders, able to cope with problems of business, science, world affairs and everyday living.

Tomorrow's leaders will require even better education. Our colleges can give it to them, but only if they have enough professionally competent teachers, adequate classrooms, libraries and laboratories . . . in other words, only if they can provide quality education.

And quality education costs money. Colleges must pay what it takes to maintain a faculty of top grade educators and the facilities they need to do their best work. So for America's sake give to the college of your choice.

**KEEP OUR LEADERS COMING!**

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the Council for Financial Aid to Education.





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# If you have a choice, take a fan-jet.

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

## There's extra power in every engine any time you want it.

One time you want it is on your take-off.

On most jets, the surge of power you expected just doesn't feel like a surge at all.

In fact, it usually takes the ordinary jet over a mile to get off the ground.

Would you like to slip into something a little more comfortable?

Take an Astrojet.

All of our Astrojets have fan-jet engines—with enough power to cut one-third of a mile off your take-off alone.

And you get this power on every jet we fly. American Airlines has the largest fan-jet fleet in the world.

## American Airlines and its fan-jet engine.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edited by Martin Levin

## A Parcel from America

THE MOST WONDERFUL thing that could happen to a starving Russian family in the year 1919 was to receive a parcel from America. It was heartening to know that somewhere, thousands of miles away, there was a fabulous land where even the poorest inhabitant earned American dollars. In that remarkable country there lived a mysterious relative whom one did not know but who was so wealthy that he could afford to send out, all prepaid, some flour, sugar, and other precious attributes of wildly luxurious living.

To us, however, the first parcel from America spelled trouble and unpleasantness.

One morning, while we were having breakfast, there was a knock at the door. I call our meal "breakfast" advisedly for want of a better term. We had boiling water (there was no tea) without sugar, a slice of bread for each of us without butter, all this spiced with practically untamed flights of fantasy. I opened the door. It was Comrade Stepan Splav, the assistant postmaster, carrying a large package. Comrade Splav never delivered any mail personally. He was said to read all incoming and outgoing letters. We called him the Second Censor. The First Censor read all mail for the government; Splav read it for his own enlightenment. Somehow he knew more than the government of what was going on in our city of Novgorod.

Mother beamed at the assistant postmaster: "What a pleasant surprise! Tea, Comrade Splav?"

Splav refused. He knew we had no tea. No one had any tea in those very hungry days of 1919.

"I brought you a parcel," said Splav. "From America."

"Must be from Cousin Joseph," Mother observed. She had a cousin in the United States, in the city of Bronx. He was a very important person there —a notary.

"I brought it to you myself," said Comrade Splav. "After all, you would not want the whole town to know you received a parcel from America."

"Thank you," Mother said dejectedly.

Splav was a heavy-set man with a bristling reddish moustache and a "porcupine haircut"—something very similar to the American crew cut. He bore an air of repulsively benevolence. Goodcomradely humor emanated from all his pores. He gave us the shudders.

We opened the package: a knitted sweater; three pairs of woolen socks; a pair of lisle stockings; a bag of flour; a bag of sugar; three cans of meat; three cans of evaporated milk; four cakes of soap; a Gillette safety razor.

Splav examined the things. He took out some flour, put some of it on his tongue, shook his head and said: "Must be some substitute. Why should anyone send us real flour? It is very expensive even in America." He began to play with the safety razor. "I saw one like it on my last trip to Petrograd," he said. "It is called a dangerless razor. It does not cut you and does not bleed you. I wonder why they call it Gillette."

"Because you can put it in your vest pocket," I ventured an opinion. A vest is called "Giletka" in Russian.

"Smart boy," said Comrade Splav, oozing malodorous benignity. "A real professor!"

Mother made a desperate move. After all, Splav had brought the parcel to get something for himself. "Why don't you take the razor, Comrade Splav?"

The assistant postmaster solemnly acknowledged the gift and departed, the Gillette razor in his *giletka* pocket.

He came back three days later. His face was a mess—all cut up and covered with strips of cigarette paper—the standard Russian Band-Aids of those days.

"The Americans are fakers," he thundered. "Exploiters of innocent masses! Capitalist crooks! They call this a dangerless razor. Just look at me! And, besides, this damn thing is absolutely too large for a vest pocket."

He was mollified by accepting some flour and sugar, a can of meat, and a pair of socks. —M. K. Argus.

## Numbers Game

SOME PEOPLE who have long noses love to poke them around in attics, and that is where I found an arithmetic book dated 1799, the year George Washington died, written by Nathan Daboll. Six noted men of the day, namely John Adams, Noah Webster, Roger Kennedy, Josiah Meigs, Asa Messner, and Samuel Whiting, one of them a teacher at Yale, had signed their names to "Recommendations" for this book "designed to teach elementary arithmetic in an easy and comprehensive manner."

I recommend it highly to all PTA members who like their math old.

Try this one:

> Joe Careless received prize money to the amount of 1000 dollars; after which he lays out 411 dols. 41 cents for a span of fine horses; and 124 dols. 40 cents for a gold watch and a fine suit of new clothes; besides 359 dols. and 50 cents he lost in gambling; I demand to know how much he had left after paying his landlord's bill of 85 dols. and 11 cents?

Or one with a more polite approach:

> Peter Trusty asserts there is an excellent, well-built ship just returned from the Indies. The ship is valued at 12145 dols. 86 cents; and one quarter of her cargo is worth 2541 dols. 65 cents; Pray what is the value of the ship and cargo?

Or:

> William Discount has 3 hogshead of tobacco, each weighing 13 cwt. 3 qrs., 23 lbs. gross, tare 107 lbs. per hhd., tret 4 lbs. per 104 lbs., and cloff 1 lb. per 3 cwt., as usual; how much neat?

Have trouble with that one? Fortunately, helpful instructions follow:

> When tare and tret and cloff are allowed; deduct the tare and tret as before, and divide the suttle by 168 (because 2 lb. is the 1/168 of 3 cwt.) —the quotient will be the cloff, which subtract from the suttle, and the remainder will be the neat weight.

Got it right? Even your computer won't know for sure.

—Lorna B. Nighman.

## Aves Architectonicae

They were rare birds, those
  architects
Bulfinch and Wren;
Icarian men.
Even Wallace K. Harrison
Would not invite comparison.
Frank Lloyd Wright
Might.
How much more surely if his name
Was winged with flame,
As Frank Lloyd Oriole,
Frank Lloyd Tanager.
Chance is a poor
Manager.

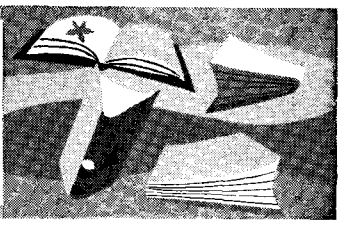
—Herbert A. Kenny.

## Merry Ex-Math!

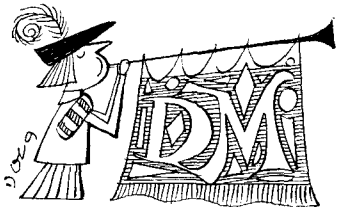


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Trade Winds



**For eighty years** now, the rustle of the pages of a magazine known as *Playbill* has fluttered through the orchestras and balconies of legitimate theaters throughout the country. It has probably been used as a fan for more glowing dowager brows than any other publication, and at the current time it is being handed out by ushers at the rate of about 1,500,000 a month. Theater buffs



clutch it, collect it, and store it away with ticket stubs to spark the memories of both memorable and not so memorable evenings.

For the most part, its pages are filled with talk of the state of the theater, usually written by experts ranging from Harold Clurman to George Abbott. But a few weeks ago, playgoers were startled to find among its pages the following:

Ode to David Merrick
(By his press agent)

The theater is his stamping ground
Wherever he may be
In London, Paris, on Broadway
He's on a footlight spree.

His record is impressive
And within the past ten years
His shows have moved the
multitudes
To laughter and to tears.

After a seemingly endless number of verses praising Mr. Merrick's showmanship, salesmanship, craftsmanship, and what not, the poem, dripping with adoration, concludes:

So thank you, David Merrick,
For contributing so much;
For enriching Broadway's theater
With that special Merrick touch.

Following this flourish of trumpets are the words, carefully clamped in parentheses: "The above poem is printed as a courtesy to Mr. David Merrick."

**A little startled** by the inclusion of this unabashed doggerel and unusual postscript, we called publisher Tom Steinfeld of *Playbill*, who could only tell us that the line speaks for itself. With this cryptic answer from one side of the fence, we talked with press agent Harvey Sabinson, a senior Broadway flack.

"Well," he told us, "the poem might be a little soupy, but I guess *Playbill* wanted to divorce itself from responsibility. Sure, it's pretty bad poetry—but it's a helluva lot better than all those dull who's who's they run. And frankly, I think *Playbill* just wanted to make a *cause célèbre* out of it."

According to Mr. Sabinson, there's a movement afoot to change the entire corporate image of Mr. Merrick, who has been called everything from an *enfant terrible* to a flat, unadorned s.o.b. His fight with critic Walter Kerr created so much lightning that the thunder claps are still being heard along Shubert Alley.

"Merrick hasn't had a good fight with a critic for over two years," press agent Sabinson went on. "He would prefer to be known as kindly David Merrick, if people would only let him alone. Now, take the lead line from my next bio about him. It reads: 'David Merrick is the greatest producer, living or dead, with the latter condition wished on him by most of his competitors.' This is intended to make people *think*."

But Mr. Merrick's poet laureate was unable to pin down just *what* it was supposed to make them think.

**In the face of** the growls and snarls Merrick's name engenders when it is mentioned in some circles, a previous bio in *Playbill* fashioned by Mr. Sabinson's sparkling pen begins: "The theater's most amiable producer, David Merrick, is revered by both competitors and associates. Throughout his illustrious career, he has shunned the glare of publicity and neatly sidestepped the briar patch of controversy. . . ." And though this image clashes harshly with the opinion of many of his warmest critics, Mr. Merrick continues to roll out hits like the current *Hello, Dolly!* with monotonous regularity.

"The last thing David told me before he left for Chicago to open the road company of *Oliver*," said disciple Sabinson, "was 'You can't eat reviews—but you can choke on bad ones.' Now I ask you—does this sound like the kind of man whose benign sense of dignity should come in for all this nasty talk? David is filled with kindliness, with humor, with good will for *everybody*. And you know what I tell people who grumble under their breath about him? I ask them one question: 'Have you ever met him?' Nine times out of ten the answer is no."

**The picture painted** by apologist Sabinson is vivid enough. Mr. Merrick is a knight in untarnished armour, on a white horse, an *Oliver* album in one hand, the *Hello, Dolly!* box-office receipts in the saddle bag, and a beatific smile for everyone in the ticket line. And for everyone else, for that matter. The fact that some observers might claim that Mr. Merrick carries an electric spear and a poison-tipped saber doesn't faze Mr. Sabinson. Nor does the fact that his client has often been called The Abominable Showman.

"Squabbles are *out*," he told us, "from now on in. I'm encouraging him to work on a book which I've tentatively titled *History of American Actors from John Wilkes Booth to George Murphy*. Great title, isn't it? Let's see what *Playbill* can make of *that!*"

**Meanwhile,** *Playbill* is continuing on its merry way, overflowing with seasonal cheer. Recognizing that Mr. Merrick has what it describes as "an unearthly talent for success," it is gracing the pages of its

December issue with a magnificent caricature drawn by the inimitable Al Hirschfeld and showing the producer dressed in the garb of Santa Claus.

There is only one problem.

If you look closely at the picture, it seems to an outsider to look just a little bit like Scrooge. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1602)

MARIAN CHAPLIN:

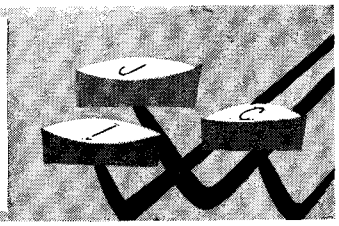
*(THE) THINGS I WANT*
*(THIS CHRISTMAS DAY)*

The things I want this Christmas Day
Are never found in Santa's sleigh;
They can't be found in a crowded store
That boasts of things you've been searching for:
They're priceless things
The spirit brings
Like Peace on Earth, and happiness too,
The warmth of friends, the love of you. . . .



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Manner of Speaking



**Manhattan:** Now and then, when I have my car in New York and the mood is on me, I head not for the Lincoln Tunnel and the direct road home to New Jersey, but for the Staten Island Ferry and the long, slow loop through Staten Island.

No one, to be sure, goes to Staten Island for its own sake. Staten Island is what I put up with in return for what I get en route, and what I get, above all else, is the view of the Battery receding across the water as the ferry pulls away.

Every man has his own eyes to choose the world with. As my eye's choice, that backward look (and I suddenly realize I have never seen it approaching but that I must, and soon) is certainly the surpassing wonder of this world, especially at that in-between of twilight, when there is enough light left to limn the towers within some sort of perspective, and enough darkness to set off the lights and to double them in their reflections upon the water.

New York, I sometimes think, is the concealed city, and what it is concealed from most is the daily route of everyman's street-level hurry. You're a rube if you look up, but a fool if you don't.

Better yet, get off the ant runs of the sidewalks and out of the traffic jam. Get to an altitude to get a real look at it: it opens as if a curtain had gone up to let into view what Ben Jonson called the "spacious theatre." The mind's eye itself could hardly open to space as Manhattan does when looked at from a midtown roof, or from a luckily situated window, or from one of the step-back ledges, or from the top of, say, the Empire State Building.

But the primary idea is not to get on top of everything, exciting as that can be. Get above the first ledge in the canyon walls. It is nothing to give away ten stories or twenty. You are still below the masses of the skyscrapers and they rise now from a special unobstructed plane. Find the right perspective and you are on a street in space—a canyon below you, but all the towers still above. Some of the ledges are landscaped. Some have private gardens with tables and chairs set out on them for who knows what secret dwellers. Some seem to have pleasure palaces tucked into their upper arches. And above every detail, the principal towers keep rising sheer to the clouds. You have to believe there is no such place possible—except that there it is, and what superspecies could have conceived it?

As I say, it can be impressive from the very top. Or try it from the air. The helicopter from Newark to LaGuardia generally crosses at Central Park at what I guess to be about 2,000 feet, though my eye is no certified altimeter. Lean to the right side and look south as you head across the island. It is the incredible city you see.

Or look at it while flying into LaGuardia from the south, across Brooklyn and into Queens, with Manhattan Island on the left. That is the longside rather than the topside view, but it, too, will do for marvels. As one of the feasts of this world, I recall bumping along the route in an ancient DC-3 from God-knows-where-and-I-have-forgotten, but arriving just at dawn. And there it was in the first light, its windows still blazing, and its towers rafted in space, the Wall Street end rising high, then a flattening out, and then the towers of midtown. "It looks like a neon bar covered with bottles," my seatmate said. He was a rotten poet. "The bottles are full of ichor," I told him. Good Lord, it was a galaxy adrift.

And still it is that receding view from the Battery that does my eye its most wonder. I can never remember it: there is too much of it to commit to memory. And I can never forget it: put all the cathedrals of Europe together, throw in the Taj Mahal, and even the pyramids, if you like—all of them wonders enough, and all of them dwarfed by whatever this is. But remember that whatever it is, it is not size. Not that alone, though size is of the power of it, the power of mass. It says, not beyond mass but with mass as its language, "I speak a people." Or maybe what it is saying is "Man can." Which is, of course, *homo fecit.*

EVERY cathedral makes that statement in one way or another. "It took a nation of men to raise me. I am that people." And as you look, you see the people again. The spire's needle points to where that people was looking. The cave under the roof is a place that people remembers from inside itself. The satyrs in the Corinthian twiggery are the country holidays that begot that people. It took generations and centuries to raise what had to be raised, and the lives of the raisers are there.

Those towers of the Battery went up faster than the cathedrals, and they come down again almost the next time you look. But as soon as one comes down another starts up. It is a terrifying prodigality. A binge of energy. But perhaps it is that energy that speaks out above all else. "This people can," it says.

We are used to it, of course. Or we say we are. But to say so can only mean we haven't really looked. For it is only possible to ignore it. There is no possibility of getting used to it once a man has looked at it, really looked at it.

Try to imagine Henry Hudson's cockle shell beating up through the Narrows and raising—that. What could he have believed but that he had sailed beyond the world and come to some central idea beyond it, of which this world was only a trial imagination?

It still rises so to the imagination that will see it. And the second thought is to wonder when there will be imagination enough. I wonder, for example, how many Americans have come to New York this year to see Robert Moses's Penny Arcade, and taken that for their imagination, while the real imagination rose on itself ablaze and shone down into the water.

I have refused to go to the Flushing Frolic, but every cab I take to Kennedy Airport goes by it, and one bitter Sunday I was caught in a traffic jam right beside it. Soon I knew I had missed my plane and might as well relax. I sat staring at the neon mushrooms around me, wondering what on earth they could say of the men that raised them.

AND they said nothing except that no one had made them and that there were no lives in them. A balloon floated up, escaped from some child's hand. Another child walking toward the gate blew a penny whistle, for which his parents had probably paid a quarter. And that seemed to say it all—a bright red gas bag and a tinny tweet over and through a traffic jam, while an imagination sat upon the water.

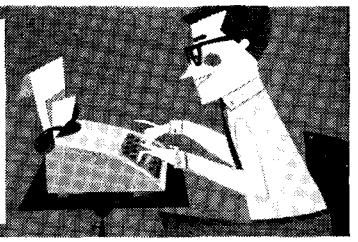
As it must be, of course, with every wonder. A city is an imagination at a windowsill watching the barbarians walk through the monument.

Welcome, then, to all barbarians, since they won't go away in any case. But let me still dream that one tourist will come to New York next year and not go to Disneyland East, but will buy himself a five-cent ticket to the Staten Island Ferry and watch the Battery fade away. And that he will then ride back (I'm told it can be done on the same ticket, but be a sport and spend another nickel) to watch it come up out of the water. And—starting from there—spend his time learning to look at New York. It's there for any man who can lift his eyes to it. Not a World's Fair, but the whole Galactic Shelf.—JOHN CIARDI.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Top of My Head



## Peace on Earth, Good Will to Networks

FULL TO THE BRIM of Christmas cheer, Mr. A. C. Nielsen sent the three networks a pretty Christmas present—a tie. Not just the ordinary four-in-hand tie—a three-way tie. A tie may not seem much of a gift to you who have just become disaster areas and candidates for Sargent Shriver's program after having attended to your own Christmas lists. But this tie had a tender, holy sentiment because, but for Mr. Nielsen's true Christmas spirit, it could easily have been a noose.

It must have been quite a chore for Mr. Nielsen, deciding what to send a network that has everything but is still looking for that elusive something. Expense didn't matter because, after all, they were his best three customers. Since they spent $100,000 a year for his booklets the present was deductible. Just as the networks may deduct the Nielsen ratings as a business expense, often under the paragraph, "Bad Bet."

And so with a ho ho ho and a yeh yeh yeh Mr. Nielsen, who is usually pictured as Scrooge, turned out to be Mr. Nice Guy. Now many's the time I've given a tie to a friend for Christmas and when next he saw me he not only didn't thank me for it, but barely spoke. But Santa was good to Mr. Nielsen. His tie received front-page headlines in all the papers. "New Nielsen Study Finds TV Networks in Three-Way Tie," the staid *New York Times* of December 7 shrieked over a story by the respected Jack Gould. The astute Jack O'Brian wrote under an eight-column banner in the *Journal-American*. Somewhere inside all the papers was a little something about Pearl Harbor Day.

This holiday season is not a time to debate the integrity or the credibility of the ratings. It's not the thought behind them, it's the gift. It came at a crucial and welcome time. The longevity of many programs depended upon it. Not only was it the longevity of the programs, but rumors have had it that even the program chief of one of the networks was soon to become a needy case. But Mr. Nielsen's tie came to the rescue with a loving card enclosed: "Not you, Jim Daring."

The tie was not the usual Madison Avenue serious type of tie. It was figured with a pattern of pluses and minuses. It was a magic tie. ABC thought it was the most beautiful tie it had ever seen. It counted eighteen more pluses than minuses. NBC saw eleven more pluses. CBS was for exchanging the tie for a toaster or something.

CBS, in fact, began looking this gift tie in the mouth and decided something had to be done about its programs. Not to make them any better but to put them in spots where they might garner better ratings. And if they didn't get better ratings they would be canceled. It's in the finest tradition of the theater—"The show must go."

Of course this wouldn't be any ho ho ho for the shows that would go. A thing like that could take all the fun out of the holiday season. Here they've been dreaming of a white Christmas and suddenly they're in the red. But in television either you have it or you don't—a rating that is. And a rating depends not on what you and I like on TV here in New York but rather on what they think of it in Des Moines, Iowa. This has become the cliché standard by which television operates.

(Parenthetically, I once looked up statistics on Iowa. It has the highest average I.Q., 99.2, of any state in the union. The fact that it produces more corn than any other state doesn't necessarily mean they like to see it on television.)

But that's getting a little too serious for this holiday season. Let's wait till we tear down the trees before we start tearing down the ratings again. A few weeks ago in this column I wrote a letter to Mr. Nielsen applying for membership in his 1,200 club, the members of which have audimeters in their sets. They determine what we see. I haven't heard from Mr. Nielsen—he was busy picking out the tie—but I did hear from several readers. Two of them are members of this exclusive club controlling the destiny of TV. By next column you may read how they feel about this power with which they've been entrusted.

Until then a merry Christmas to one and all. Well, maybe not all. I don't know what the rating of this space is.

—GOODMAN ACE.


Never Missed an Interest Payment Since 1889

INSURED

STATE MUTUAL SAVINGS

Your savings are conservatively managed by one of the oldest savings institutions in California. Assets over $300,000,000.

Open insured accounts for each member of your family. Accounts also are welcomed from corporations, fiduciaries, trust funds, pension funds, churches, and credit unions.

4.85% CURRENT ANNUAL RATE compounded daily pays 4.97% when maintained a year.

STATE MUTUAL SAVINGS and Loan Association, Dept. 555, 415 W. Fifth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90013

Please open ☐ or add to ☐ my insured account for $_____ in name(s) as indicated. My check or M.O. is enclosed.

☐ Send additional information.

Name(s)_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Soc. Sec. or I.D. No._____

SAVE BY MAIL • WE PAY POSTAGE




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Saturday Review*

December 26, 1964

# THE MOVIES AND THE CRITICS

By HOLLIS ALPERT

AS ANDREW SARRIS points out in an article in this issue, there is a vast amount of critical writing on films being done these days, some of it of the so-called cult variety, with its seemingly strange interpretations of and viewpoints on movies, and much of it the more balanced, traditional kind that appears in newspapers and well-established periodicals. The range is great and, as Mr. Sarris says, can be fascinatingly confusing. From the opposite camp of the film-makers come articles, also in this issue, by directors John Frankenheimer and Otto Preminger, who have some thoughts—not all of them kind ones—on the function and value of film critics. A few weeks ago *Saturday Review* decided, in reviewing plans for its annual survey of films, that here was a matter worth tossing about a bit. A questionnaire was therefore devised and submitted to several noted people involved in the actual making of films and to a number of critics. Their answers tell a good deal about the current state of the critic's art and the esteem in which he is held.

Particularly noticeable is the fact that film-makers seemed much more willing to respond to the questionnaire than the critics. Ten answers were received, of which only three came from critics (we are not counting a reply from Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote that "the questions could be replied to truthfully only by answers which would be posthumously printed"). The others, however, were willing to go on record. The same set of questions, by the way, was submitted to parties of both camps.

First, the questions:

1. What influence, if any, do critics have on films as they are being made? Do you think film-makers consider the probable reactions of critics?
2. By what criteria do you think films may validly be judged?
3. Who, in your opinion, are the critics who actually influence film attendance? What accounts for their influence?
4. Who are the film critics, past or present, who have done the best writing on films?
5. If you have named any critics in answer to the question above, why do you regard them as good?
6. Should a critic have had experience in the making of films?
7. Are there ways in which film criticism today can be made more helpful to both the film-maker and the film-goer?

The answer to the first question was almost a universal no. Edward Dmytryk, director of *The Young Lions* and of the recent box-office success *The Carpetbaggers*, replied, "Probably none," and added, "Sometimes we wonder about them—rarely, if ever, consider them." Elia Kazan, producer and director of the recent *America, America*, wrote, "None, as far as I am concerned." But oddly, Kazan, who almost never works in Hollywood, went on to say, "But I do have the impression that there are film-makers in California who try to anticipate the reaction of the critics." Stanley Kramer, producer and director of *Judgment at Nuremburg* and the forthcoming *Ship of Fools*, was more categorical: "I don't believe critics have any influence on films as they are being made. It is both ridiculous and even fatal for the film-maker to concern himself with the probable reaction of the critic." And so it went, from the film-making side of the fence.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., historian and film critic for *Show* magazine, found himself in agreement here with film-makers. He doubted, he said, "whether critics have much influence on films as they are being made (unless, as in France, they are being made by critics). Indeed, my impression is that many film-makers tend to discount criticism and explain it away—on the ground that highbrow critics are malicious and popular critics venal." Pauline Kael, who can be identified as belonging to the highbrow set of film critics and who writes frequently for *Film Quarterly*, thinks that "critics are partly responsible for which films are being made. Critical support in the past can help put a man in a position to do something now. It may also save him from the total despair that often accompanies commercial failure." David Slavitt, peppery young film critic for *Newsweek*, discounted the critics' influence on new film production. "Commercial operators," he said, ignore critics and make their horror or surfing or animal movies, and rake in the dough. They have no reason to worry about us. No serious artist pays attention to critics anyway, and that is perfectly right and proper."

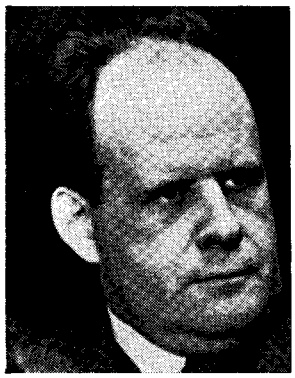
All seems harmonious on question No. 1, and on No. 2 a serious and relatively lofty note was struck by all. Several of the film-makers said they wished

**What Every Moviegoer Should Know About the Critics:** Any moviegoer who reads reviews, no matter how casually, has no doubt gathered that a state of cold war often exists between critics and movie-makers. The tension may be either enlightening or baffling, but it is perhaps inevitable and certainly beneficial. For when virtually all movie-makers are persuaded that their latest films are among the best ever created, and virtually all critics that their latest judgments are among the wisest ever written, truth is likely to reside exclusively with neither. The perceptive moviegoer therefore searches for critics he can usually trust and movie-makers upon whose work he can usually depend, hoping that in combination they will provide him with some reasonably reliable guideposts. But the search is, at best, no easy one. For this reason *SR* undertakes in this year-end film survey to sketch the battle lines between critic and movie-maker, in the hope that an examination of some of the complexities will make the moviegoer's task a little clearer. Leading off, on this page, is *SR* critic Hollis Alpert with some comments on the running debate on film criticism. Other articles are by film critic Andrew Sarris, directors John Frankenheimer and Otto Preminger, and Thom Anderson, a young West Coast film scholar.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *Among the Top Critics, Past and Present*



—*Sovfoto.*

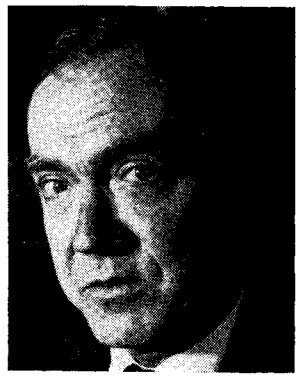
**Serge Eisenstein**

—*Pix.*

**Kenneth Tynan**

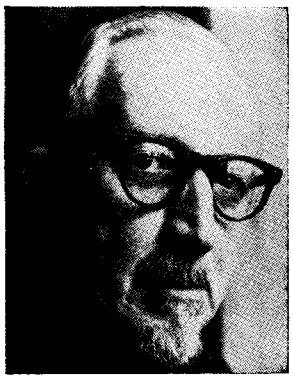
—*Pix.*

**Alistair Cooke**



—*Pix.*

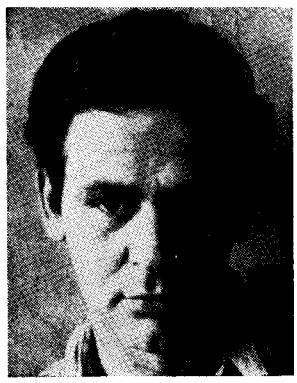
**Graham Greene**



—*Jane Bown.*

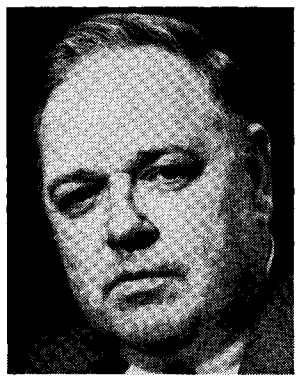
**Dwight Macdonald**

**Brendan Gill**



—*Helen Levitt.*

**James Agee**



—*Lida Moer.*

**Whittaker Chambers**

critics would look at films in terms of a particular movie's intention. So said Robert B. Radnitz, producer of such fine films for young audiences as *Island of the Blue Dolphins* and *Misty*. He would prefer this rather than have the critic "look at it from the standpoint of what he would like it to have been." He preferred, he went on, "the critic who *loves* motion pictures" and the one who is "knowledgeable about the history of film and its development." Leon Roth, a motion picture executive and producer of the recent *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, wants the critic "to reveal as fully as possible to his readers the intention of the film-maker in relation to the material being presented."

"In theory," wrote David Slavitt, "this is a very difficult question. In practice, it is very simple. There are only a few films of the three or four hundred that get released each year that a person of reasonable intelligence and taste can stand." Of those abovementioned few, when it came to valid judgment, he was on the side of Pauline Kael, who used, she said, "the same criteria as with any other art; with, of course, knowledge of film history and methods, just as one must know a great deal about literature to judge a new novel."

Who are the critics influencing movie attendance? Mr. Schlesinger supposed they were those "writing for great newspapers in large cities. They possess this influence because they provide the filmgoer with a quick means of deciding whether he wants to see a film or not. Some may go to a film because, if a certain critic detests it in a certain way, they are reasonably sure that it is a good film. The art of reading criticism is the art of triangulation." David Slavitt, in answer to the same question, said he had been told "that the three important film critics (important at the box office) are Bosley Crowther, who has enormous influence with foreign films, *Time*, and *Newsweek* (me)." It was the size and kind of circulation of the *New York Times* and the news weeklies that accounted for this influence, said Mr. Slavitt. Pauline Kael's opinion was that "on big American films the influence of critics is generally negligible. Big productions are pre-tested and pre-sold, and people go to a highly advertised star spectacle just as they rush to a disaster site."

Rather surprisingly, Elia Kazan didn't think he could answer the question, although he supposed that "Kate Cameron's four stars do mean something to some people. And I am sure that Bosley Crowther in New York has had a strong influence on the attendance at foreign films. He did quite a bit to gain them the public acceptance here that they have now." Stanley Kramer, though, was "loathe to support the contention that "even the New York critics really influence mass attendance." Edward Dmytryk was aware of no critic who influenced "attendance at commercial pictures to any appreciable degree." And as for Mr. Crowther's influence on those pictures, it was "thank God, minute." Leon Roth, who once spent much time in the promotion of motion pictures, regarded Mr. Crowther's influence as directly affecting a film only in "a negative sense. I think that statistics will show that Crowther can kill an 'art' picture with a bad notice, but he cannot necessarily 'make' the film even with a rave notice."

WHEN it came to naming names of present-day film critics who have done the best writing on their subject, Mr. Schlesinger found no point in "making invidious discriminations." Past critics he liked included James Agee, Otis Ferguson, William Troy, Graham Greene, and Alistair Cooke. David Slavitt mingled present-day writers and names from the past in his list, including that



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little-known critic Whittaker Chambers. Others on his list were James Agee, Dwight Macdonald, Stanley Kauffmann, Brendan Gill and, in what would seem to be quite a jump to the past, Eisenstein and Pudovkin. About Mr. Macdonald, Pauline Kael wrote: "I always read him in *Esquire*, although I don't think he's a great film critic or even a really good one (although he's great fun on Biblical spectacles). I think he's a great human being, and first things first."

Film-makers differed considerably in their choices of good critics from those made by the critical fraternity, with the exception of Frank Perry (*David and Lisa*), who liked the writing of the late James Agee and Robert Warshow. Of today's writers on film he preferred Stanley Kauffman of *The New Republic* and Archer Winsten of *The New York Post*, "who seems to have a sympathy for films with themes that have something to say." Robert Radnitz also put Agee on his list, added John Grierson and *Saturday Review*'s critics, and Leon Roth also had pleasant words for this magazine's film coverage which, in the interests of impartiality, we are bound to acknowledge. "If my back were to the wall to select the *world's* best critic" he said, "I would select Kenneth Tynan, who seems to me to combine brilliance of critical analysis with an ability to express his point of view. I wish there were a Tynan somewhere in our American lives."

Why are certain critics good? Pauline Kael thinks "a good critic must be a good writer. I think the functions are almost inseparable, and that is why we usually enjoy what one writer has to say about another. Good critics see movies as part of the experience of their time; they help us understand what the new work they championed meant to them, they help us understand what the work they found objectionable represented in the culture. The good critic is also a crusader who helps to bring an audience to this good new work. And it is on this ground that men like Gill and Kauffmann fail, because even if they like something, they're too impersonal, and don't express enough interest to make others want to see it (as Agee did—even if it meant exposing himself to ridicule by overpraising)."

Mr. Schlesinger agreed that Agee had "above all the gift of appreciation" and mentioned the late, lamented Otis Ferguson as having had the same gift. Manny Farber, he said, "had the gift of destruction; he was the great hunter of the film cliché." David Slavitt thought critics were good "if they write well, or can see, or can think. In a few instances because they can combine two of these qualities." Edward Dmytryk thought no

(*Continued on page 55*)

# Criticism as Creation

By JOHN FRANKENHEIMER

A REALLY creative critic is indeed a rare creature—even rarer, perhaps, than the creative artist. And his criticism often follows his personal bent. Hazlitt wrote superbly about acting, George Bernard Shaw wrote about the sort of play that ought to have been acted in preference to the play he had seen. Max Beerbohm wrote idiosyncratically about himself.

While I realize there is room and need for many different kinds of criticism, I have certain thoughts about what I might call the ideal film critic. I was quite surprised recently when a leading film trade publication reported that 85 per cent of the patrons of neighborhood theaters want straight-out factual reviews. They want to know the plot, who the stars are, and whether the movie is a frivolous comedy or a rugged adventure. They are not interested, apparently, in comments on the film.

This may be an informational service that the daily newspapers must give, but it is not my idea of film criticism. I have been very fortunate in the reviews that I have received as a director but I don't feel that, if the reviews had been less favorable, they would have had much influence on my approach to the films I've directed since. I couldn't let destructive criticism affect me for very long or I would not be able to function as a creative artist. Of course, as all men do, I have an ego and it can be bruised for a while after reading a bad review. But I must be able within a short time to erase any damage or I could not survive as a creator. A man can be ruined by criticism, especially if it is what I call destructive or noncreative criticism. Hardy stopped writing novels after the critics' reception of *Jude the Obscure* and Tennyson was driven to altering his poems at the reviewers' bidding; he even contemplated leaving England.

The medium in which I work constantly reminds me of my own limitations. But I must keep my ego, even a degree of arrogance, so that I can always strive to make the great movie, the ultimate expression. With such high hopes, it can only pain me to face what I consider to be irresponsible criticism. The ideal critic, at least one whom I would take seriously, must be able to communicate with me in cinematic terms. I should be able to sit down with that man and talk to him about specifics. He should be able to speak to me in English, not in cinematic jargon, about the actual making of a movie.

Henry Canby used to say about reviewing that he asked himself three questions: What was the creator trying to do? How well did he do it? Was it worth doing?

I welcome any critic who will honestly ask himself these questions about my work. But, for his answers to have much validity for me, he has to be aware of my intention, my execution, and the value of what I was doing, not only in general esthetic terms but in a specific filmic sense as well.

I THINK a further clarification of this point is the differentiation I once made between bad and terrible films. To make a terrible movie requires high skill and high ambition. Almost anybody can grind out a bad film. But what may only be a hair-breadth line between great and terrible is the result of the scope and complexity of elements that have to go into every motion picture. To make the whole great, everything from story to screenplay to cast to cameraman to cutting has to be great in turn. For example, when a critic reviews a foreign film and he doesn't understand the language in which it was made, an entire area of judgment is cut off from him. In this case, all that really matters are the images. If the picture is beautiful, that's likely to be enough. The dialogue may be awful, the actor's interpretation of the lines may be all wrong, but that entire aspect of the film is withdrawn from critical appraisal.

Up to this point I haven't yet completely delineated my ideal critic. There are, of course, individual men and women here and abroad writing about films whose views I do respect and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

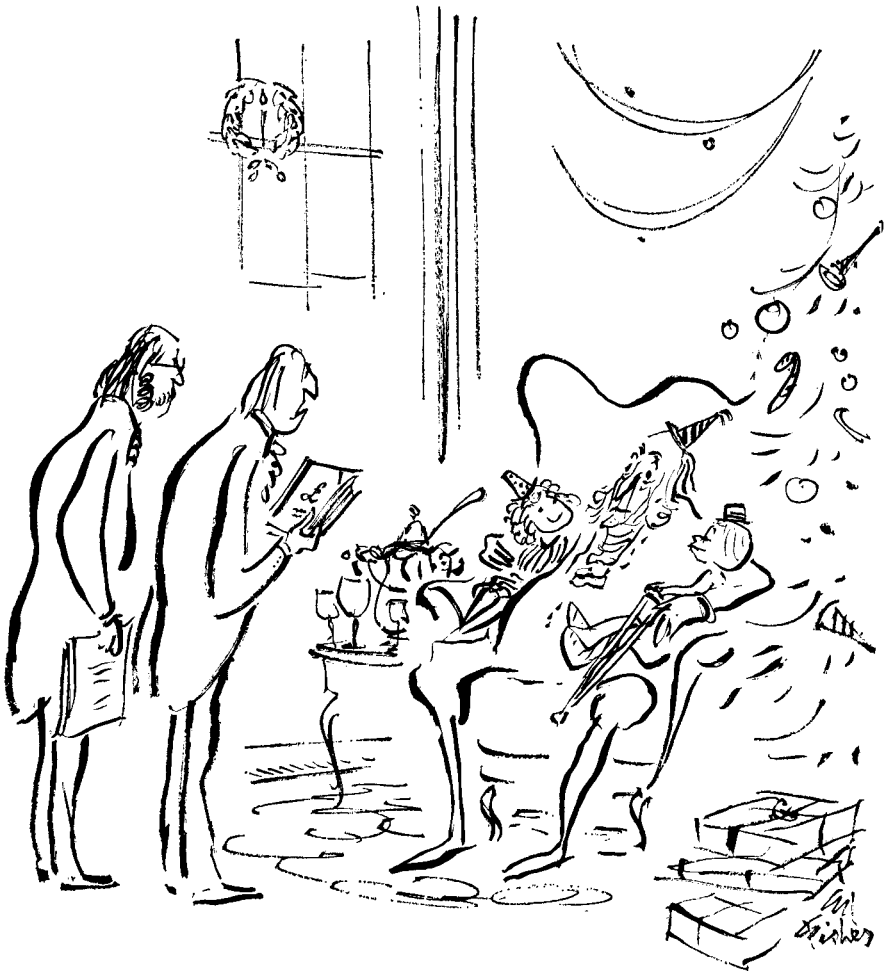
whose opinions are of interest to me. It's the general level of criticism, and American criticism especially, that concerns me. I think the thing that most disturbs me about American film criticism is its lack of involvement with those people who are directly and creatively making movies. I do realize that it is difficult to achieve such a relationship in America for a number of reasons. Historically our movies have survived or sunk on the basis of their being popular entertainment. The movies and the intelligentsia—whoever they may be—never really got together. Very often, when an American-made movie does get artistic acclaim, it is so many years after it has been made that it is too late for the criticism to have any effect on the state of the cinema; *e.g.*, *Citizen Kane*. We still retain to a certain degree the provincial attitude that we are not the center of artistic film excitement, even though we will certainly acknowledge the ultimate artistry of Chaplin and Griffith. I think the American critic is often quite unsophisticated about the product of his own country. An English drama critic once said, "Few things in journalism are simpler than condemnation. Young men often begin this way; they grow out of it, learning nothing is more ingenuous than extreme sophistication." I think quite a lot of the critical writing in the United States expresses the point of view of youth.

It might be helpful at this point to consider French as opposed to American film criticism. For example, in France there is much more of an involvement of the critic, not only as a reviewer but as a creative intellectual force (perhaps too much so) with the film as a contemporary expression. He communicates with the makers of the film, the directors, cameramen, film editors. There is a dialogue going on between the makers and the critics of films, and this is what makes for real and pertinent criticism. The crossing of mind and mind and perhaps the influence of both upon each other is a healthy thing. A good director must love to make movies and there has to be an element of love in the relationship of the critic to the film. It is interesting to note that several French critics have become moviemakers and a few today even combine both vocations. Here, as in France, there should be a sense of immediacy in the entire *milieu* of the film critic. There should be tremendous excitement about what is going on here and now in this place and in this time.

If the state of the film does not engender excitement in the critic, he should react not with sarcasm and extreme sophistication but with something more akin to anger, which correlates very often with love. He should try to promulgate an atmosphere in which better pictures will be made. What I would like to see—and I'm sure some of my peers would disagree vehemently with me—is a love-hate relationship between the critic and the director. This would give me, as a creator of films, great stimulation.

There is, however, another field in which I feel the critic has a vital job to do. This is in helping to create, not only an informed public opinion, but a public love of the cinema; to help to form a generation of moviegoers who love the film not only as entertainment but as a unique art form. It is not an easy task because here the critic must tread the fine line between appreciation and cultism. I know that many will say that this can be done only on the level of the art film, on the plane of so-called high culture. But I would hope that this isn't necessarily the case. I believe that our greatest art form is the film. It belongs to our century, to our time. It is the only art form that so totally involves the onlooker, where in fact he cannot escape being involved. I would never encourage any cinema worship, but there are certain very real changes in attitude that might be brought about by the creative critic.

If the critic could influence the youth—that group which seems most to influence the taste of the nation—to want to see better movies, I am quite sure that more good movies would be made. Unfortunately, in America today so much money is involved in the making of a film that it must do very well at the box office even to make back the original investment. As creators in this field, we are dependent on the public and need a true climate of acceptance for our best efforts. I do not mean by this that my concept of the critic's job today is to give good movies good reviews. It goes far beyond that. I think that we need some great propagandists for the film as entertainment *and* art. I know that what I ask of the critic is extremely difficult. He must be able to communicate not only with me on my terms but with the public on its terms. I communicate through my films but I think that in many ways the film is the art form that most needs verbalization. Most people use films only as a means of escape. A good critic should stimulate them to discuss films, to argue about them, to become excited about them. His function in making final judgments about films is really much less important. I can't begin to say how this should be done or even if it can be done. If criticism could achieve this, then I feel that it would be a truly creative instrument.



*"We regret to say, Mr. Scrooge, that you have just become insolvent."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Farthest-Out Moviegoers

By ANDREW SARRIS

THE RISE of so-called cult film criticism is one of the more interesting cultural phenomena of the past decade. For one thing, it's so fascinatingly confusing. While Beverly Hills Bourbons are denouncing even Bosley Crowther as an arty advocate of foreign films, angry young *sans-culottes* in Left Bank cafés are reviling *Cahiers du Cinéma*, considered in many quarters the farthest-out of film magazines, as an Establishment mouthpiece for those old fogies Resnais, Godard, and Truffaut. Generally speaking, however, cults in cinema, as well as in the other arts and disciplines, are conceived between the sheets of the little magazines, of which there are now an incredible number devoted exclusively to film.

A visit to any fairly speculative newsstand will confirm the existence of such specialized publications as *Art Films, Cinema, Film Comment, Film Culture, Film Quarterly, Films in Review, Moviegoer, NY Film Bulletin, Screen Careers, Screen Facts, The Seventh Art,* and *Sound Stage*. And these titles represent only American ventures. Britain provides *Film, Films and Filming, Motion,* and *Sight and Sound*. But Paris remains the hub of cult criticism with its *Cinéma 64, Image et Son, La Cinématographie Française, Cahiers du Cinéma, L'Avant-Scène, Positif, Télé-Ciné, Midi-Minuit Fantastique, Premier Plan, Contre Champ, Etudes Cinématographiques, La Methode, Art Sept, Présence du Cinéma, Miroir du Cinéma, Cinéma Texte, Inter-Ciné, Ciné-Document, Visage du Cinéma*, in addition to a host of mimeographed publications. An international network of similarly specialized magazines extends to Munich, Buenos Aires, Vienna, Brussels, Montreal, Copenhagen, Salamanca, Barcelona, Madrid, Budapest, Rome, Milan, Turin, Venice, Warsaw, Bucharest, Stockholm, Prague, Melbourne, and Moscow, not to mention the booming film centers of Japan and India.

All but a few of these journals were founded in the Fifties and Sixties, and not even one dates back as far as the Twenties. Clearly, the world of the cultist is a newer if not braver world than the world of the regular reviewer. A new generation of critics has come of age since World War II, and their youthful enthusiasm, justified or not, is the main force behind the cult movement. Certainly, few have entered this field for any immediate monetary reward. Payment for articles is less often nominal than nonexistent, and no wonder. Only a handful of the little film magazines have more than 20,000 readers. Most have fewer than 10,000, and many count their subscribers in the hundreds.

Yet it is difficult to measure the intangibles of influence solely in terms of circulation figures. *Cahiers du Cinéma*, with its 12,000 readers a month, has shaped the modern cinema more profoundly than have some publications with millions of readers. Aside from the proliferation of their critical doctrines in film magazines around the world, *Cahiers* critics such as Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Chabrol, François Truffaut, Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, Pierre Kast, Eric Rohmer, and Jacques Rivette have crossed the hitherto insurmountable barrier between the theoretical and the practical by directing more than a score of feature films. The only other film publication with a remotely comparable record is *Sight and Sound* (22,500 readers), which has given us Lindsay Anderson, Gavin Lambert, Karel Reisz, and Tony Richardson.

Not so coincidentally, *Cahiers* and *Sight and Sound* have come to represent two opposing viewpoints in film criticism. *Cahiers* tends, in general, toward art-for-art's-sake; *Sight and Sound* tends toward social consciousness. While François Truffaut and his colleagues were promulgating the cult of directorial personality as *la politique des auteurs* in the pages of *Cahiers*, Lindsay Anderson and his followers were expounding the creed of commitment in the pages of *Sight and Sound*. The differences between the two magazines were, however, more rhetorical than real, and both sets of critics are now closer to each other in taste and temperament than either is to the run-of-the-mill newspaper reviewer in London and Paris.

By and large, American film magazines have failed to achieve the influence and prestige of their European counterparts. European movie writers are nourished somewhat by the social recognition accorded to them at more than 100 film festivals throughout the world, relatively few of which are within convenient range for Americans. Another problem faced by Americans is the depressing decentralization of cultural facilities in America, which is more a continent than a country anyway. For the Frenchman or Englishman, Paris or London can supply everything that, in America, is scattered among New York, Hollywood, San Francisco, Chicago, Rochester, and Washington, D.C.

NONETHELESS, despite all the cultural disadvantages, pragmatic pressures, and conformist temptations, the critical ferment in America increases. The most esoteric controversies spill over from the little magazines into the august pages of the New York *Herald Tribune* and *Esquire*, and suddenly the hitherto obscure cult critic becomes a celebrity. The reasons for these developments are complex and even self-contradictory, but certain basic trends are apparent.

The most important and yet paradoxical trend is the growing ascendancy of the cinema as an accepted art form. With the precipitous decline of the habit audience for movies, the motion picture industry as we have known it is on the verge of disintegration. Yet, though fewer movies are being made than ever before, more movies are being exhibited than ever before. Television provides some 150 movies a week on New York channels for the most extensive course in film history ever given. Museums, college organizations, film societies, and revival theaters help complete the task of making this generation of film enthusiasts more erudite in the history of the medium than any generation before it. The verdicts of film historians need no longer be taken on faith; any interested undergraduate can raise a challenge.

The relative success of French and British critics in breaking through the technological taboos of film-making without a long apprenticeship has encouraged many young people without Hollywood relatives to take movies seriously as a career. Now, more than ever, there are no hard and fast rules to follow either in making films or in evalu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ating them. Maximum disorder suggests maximum opportunity, and even the anarchic activities of the New American Cinema seem symptomatic of a changing cultural climate. Somehow it seems more relevant to the adventurous spirit of our time to advance the heresy that anyone can make a movie than to display one's critical acumen by proving that no one can make a movie.

It is much too early, of course, to determine the ultimate impact of American film magazines on a projected renaissance away from the Hollywood fleshpots. Not that the publications under consideration share any unified vision of the future. In fact, *Films in Review*, under the crotchety right-wing editorship of Henry Hart, seems unalterably opposed to the future in any form. In the prayerful pages of *Films in Review*, such art-house deities as Resnais, Bergman, and Fellini are defiled as incompetent perverts with subversive intentions. The backbone of the magazine, however, is firmed up by an army of incredibly informed readers scattered throughout the country. By giving these valuable people a regular sounding board, Hart can be forgiven somewhat for being far to the right.

*Screen Facts* is a conscious attempt to extract the Hollywood nostalgia from *Films in Review* and leave behind Henry Hart's editorial idiosyncrasies. Actually *Screen Facts, Screen Careers,* and *Sound Stage* represent attempts to restore a degree of respectability to the old-time fan-magazine format before its disintegration into teen-age trivia and faked-up scandal-mongering. The rallying point of the pro-Hollywood cultists in the New York area is the Theodore Huff Society, now presided over by Bill Everson, the most valuable unofficial curator of old movies in America.

*Film Quarterly*, by contrast, seems opposed to everything Hollywood stands for, past, present, and future. Edited by Ernest Callenbach out of the Berkeley branch of the University of California, it usually reads like a West Coast digest of a two-year-old issue of *Sight and Sound*. Despite the relative security of academic sanction, *Film Quarterly* seems unable to develop a regular stable of reviewers, proving, I suppose, that film criticism as an end in itself has not yet taken hold in America.

The editorial policy of *Film Culture* defies description. This is a magazine that will print almost anything and everything since it is not so much edited as compiled for each crisis-ridden issue. Its one saving grace is its persistent quantity, insuring the presence of at least some quality. Jonas and Adolfas Mekas, who founded the magazine in 1955, are completely committed to the cause of the New American Cinema, but their general tastes are less doctrinaire than the generally polemical tone of the magazine would indicate. On general issues, *Film Culture* has in fact always been closer to *Cahiers du Cinéma* than to *Sight and Sound*.

However, the one American publication that attempted a complete transplantation of *Cahiers du Cinéma* to America is the *NY Film Bulletin*, a perennial feudist with *Film Quarterly* and, under the editorship of Rudy Franchi, an impassioned defender of the Nouvelle Vague. Franchi's biggest coup as an editor was his special *Marienbad* issue, which sold more copies than any issue of an American film magazine before or since. The mystifications of *Marienbad* deserve much of the credit, as Franchi would be the first to agree.

AMONG the newer entries to the field, *Cinéma* is an entertainingly eclectic grab bag of critical attitudes with the glossiest graphics in the field. *Art Films* stands tiptoe, along with the delectable *Continental Film Review* from England, on that thin line separating the film magazines from the girlie magazines. On a more ambitious level, *Moviegoer* and *The Seventh Art* have chosen to sink or swim on the basis of their literary and critical style. *Moviegoer* seems to depend more on the autonomous achievements of individual contributors, *The Seventh Art* more on the operation of an over-all attitude toward films. The trick both are seeking to turn is a studied avoidance of the alleged extremism of the embattled older film magazines. *Film Comment* is virtually unique in its espousal of social causes connected with the cinema. It is hard to think of another film magazine in which one might still hope to find a serious discussion of censorship.

Finally, there is the *CTVD-Digest*, which prints extracts of critiques from film magazines all over the world, and which sums up as well as anything can the cinema's peculiar universality rediscovered lo these many years after the coming of sound had allegedly fragmented films into irreconcilable national entities. There is much that can be said against specialized film magazines in terms of their lack of polish and professionalism, the degree to which they represent the triumph of enthusiasm over experience, and the self-indulgent obscurantism devised to avoid the technical tasks of genuinely enlightening and entertaining the reader. Nevertheless, it is traditional to measure little magazines in every field as much by their aspirations as by their achievements, and I can think of few enterprises of our time as pure of heart and as nakedly idealistic of intention.

*"Now that we're letting our hair down, Poindexter was it you who nicknamed me 'Bubblehead'?"*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to Rate a Critic

*Not long ago producer and director Otto Preminger, whose movies include "Exodus," "The Cardinal," and "Anatomy of a Murder," was invited to appear as a guest at a class in film criticism conducted by SR critic Arthur Knight at the University of Southern California. During the session Mr. Knight, Mr. Preminger, and the students fired enough questions and answers back and forth to provide a rare glimpse into the mind of a film-maker when he considers the effect of critics on his work. This article was compiled and edited from Mr. Preminger's remarks.*

I WOULD like to say first that I am speaking solely for myself. I can't speak for the industry. I hate the word "industry." There may be an automobile industry, but not a motion picture industry. Perhaps motion pictures are not a pure art form; but today's important pictures are made by individuals, not by factories or assembly lines. And speaking about the critics as an individual producer, I don't feel that they work—or should work—for me. They work for a newspaper or for a magazine. It is up to their editor and publisher to determine whether the critic functions well for his readers. On the other hand, as a reader—not as a producer—I am entitled to express my opinion about the critic's quality, to criticize him as he criticizes me.

I think critics fulfil a very important function in motion pictures, regardless of whether I agree with them or not. The very fact that newspapers and magazines appoint serious, literate people to occupy themselves with motion pictures, to study them and write about them, raises the medium of motion pictures above the level of most other entertainments. Nobody writes a serious review about the circus, or about the World's Fair or a bullfight. One could divide the critics into two groups. The first tries to write objectively. As far as possible, they detach their own personality and subjective judgment from their knowledge of the medium, and they try to evaluate objectively the picture in terms of craftsmanship, writing, acting, direction, with perhaps at the end a word or two about how they feel personally about it. Then there is another school of critics—and if I were a critic, this is the one I'd belong to. They aren't concerned with objective judgments. They tell their readers how they feel about a picture. In other words, they give an opinion, an opinion that is very often passionate and almost always biased. I don't mean biased in any bad sense; if a man has been writing about pictures for any length of time, inevitably he has formed certain opinions about their makers and a taste for certain kinds of films, and he naturally wants to influence his readers and guide them. In the best sense he becomes an opinion-maker.

After some time, their readers know how to judge their reviews. I read a review recently of a picture that I had already seen. Particularly one leading critic in New York loved it with passion. And yet I am convinced that most of his readers are not going to want to see that picture.

Now, this critic is a man of integrity. Right or wrong, he writes only what he believes to be true. And this is the important thing; a critic *should* be biased. Why shouldn't he think more of a director who has given him many, at least in his opinion, good pictures than of some unknown? Why shouldn't he expect little from a director whose work he hasn't liked so far? All I ask of a critic is that he really believe what he is writing and that he know something about motion pictures—a basic awareness of craftsmanship. Before he applies his own tastes, he should be able to judge what is good acting, what is good directing, what is good writing. But most film critics have never even gone near a motion picture set. Few critics, for example, really know what a film editor does. Many of them write that some new picture was beautifully—or badly—edited by such and such a cutter. But a cutter doesn't edit anything! The director tells him how to edit every frame; he is merely the *tool* of the director—a very important tool, very essential to the director's work, to be sure. Many critics blindly praise the work of the cameraman. Actually, the cameraman does contribute to the mood of the picture, but only according to the way the director tells him. It is the director who tells the cameraman what to photograph, where to put the camera, when to move it. But most critics don't seem to know these basic facts of film-making.

On the other hand, despite this regrettable lack, the critics are in some measure able to put the brakes on what I would call runaway commercialism. Those who have something to say about what kind of pictures are being made because they put up the money are often inclined to believe that sensationalism or sex for the sake of sex spells automatic box-office success. Fortunately, there are still those critics who, even after such pictures are successful at the box office, say, "Okay, people are going to see them, but we have the taste and intelligence to think this is shameful." And this kind of criticism has in the long run an educational and upgrading influence.

In spite of the critics, audiences smell out the pictures they want to see. If he doesn't agree, the critic should say, "I realize that the masses are going to see it, but I still think this is a bad film." Thus the critics, by exercising their taste and discrimination, can curb some excesses of bad taste.

In this connection, I should like to point out that not every movie is a movie simply because it's printed on celluloid, just as a burlesque show cannot be equated to *Hamlet* simply because both are presented in a theater that has a proscenium and a curtain. Pictures are made for different purposes, and commercial success is only one of them. I don't say that I don't want success for my films; but I often read a story that I know could be very successful, and I still would not want to waste a year or eighteen months of my life on it. Now, a critic who can make clear the difference between burlesque and Shakespeare is performing a very valuable function—provided, of course, that he doesn't then slide into that kind of partisanship in which every Italian picture is considered to be Shakespeare, and every American picture trash.

YOU can't defend your work against criticism; you must accept it. In my own case, I can't always tell why I did a scene a certain way, nor can I always say that I did it right, nor even that I would probably do it the same way again. To be a bit pretentious about it, this is part of the creative process. Once the picture is finished, it stands there on its own and speaks for itself. And whether the critics like it or dislike it, I am completely helpless to explain or defend it. I can merely say that this is a story that appealed to me, and this is the way I saw it.

No doubt this has something to do with the way I work—which is, incidentally, the way many of today's independent producers work. I read constantly until I get interested in something that is so exciting that, paradoxically, I lose my judgment. I stop analyzing and feel I simply have to do it. Then, while working on the script, again I become very critical. I can see scenes that would be effective pictorially but wrong dramatically, characters who would be appealing but otherwise useless. So we eliminate, add, start over again. But



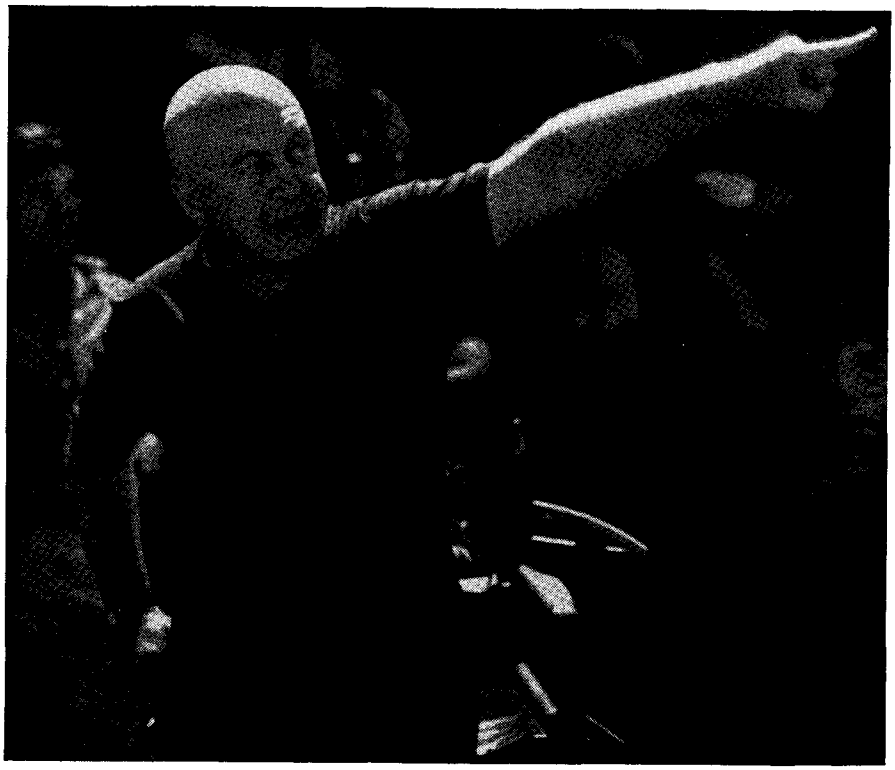
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eventually, once more, there comes that moment when all reason ceases. It becomes a love affair, it becomes a passion. Perhaps this is why you go wrong quite often, but without it I doubt that anybody could endure all you have to go through to bring a picture to the screen.

While shooting a film, I let anybody see my rushes—even the critics. But I don't ask them, "How do you like it?" One thing a director must never do is ask someone else's opinion. He must be the leader, the one who directs. He tells the writer how to write, the actors how to act, the editor how to edit. That is his function. Whether he was right or wrong is finally decided by the public and by the critics. Actually, I don't even believe too much in previews, where a picture is tried out on the public before it is quite finished. When you write a book, you don't distribute it to a thousand people before you publish it and ask, "How did you like Chapter IV?" Only in the American theater are there out-of-town tryouts; in France or Germany you open a play after some dress rehearsals, and it is either successful or it isn't. The writer doesn't change it around according to audience reactions. And this is the way it should be in motion pictures. This is what a director is for. He creates something because he believes that this is the way it should be done.

NOW, back to the critics. I work very hard when I make a picture. I enjoy it, but I am under tremendous pressure every minute during production. Naturally, after all that effort, I hope everybody will like it. No artist paints a painting or sings a song without wanting people to like it. Of course, it is much easier to overlook the fact that someone dislikes it who talks only to his friends about it than if that someone is writing as critic for a publication with some 2,000,000 readers. Every motion picture maker would rather have good reviews than bad, regardless of whether he has respect for the critic or not. I have educated myself not to care too much. I don't get overjoyed over raves, or particularly depressed about bad reviews. While I don't like to measure success in terms of money, still the real success of a picture lies in how many people come, enjoy it, and tell their friends to come. So, although a bad review would not make me change my method or my point of view on my next picture, the complete failure of a picture to win the public—like my *Saint Joan*—would make me stop, and think, and analyze. Again, my analysis might be right or wrong, but on that basis I would try not to make the same mistake a second time.

In short, I don't think the critic works for the film-maker—and I don't think he should. Rather, he should be a guide for his readers. The better he is, the more often will his readers be satisfied when they go to the movies, and the more often will they follow him in the future. If a critic is right often enough for his readers, he builds his power, he wields an influence. This is particularly true of a more specialized magazine with a relatively homogenous readership. Its film critics seem to keep pace with their readers, who in turn look to them for guidance. And whether I agree with them or not doesn't matter in the least. I shall probably go on making the same kind of pictures, pictures that entertain through provoking or stimulating people's thoughts. Therein is my satisfaction. But I don't overrate it. I still have the perspective to know that making pictures is not the most important thing in the world. The scientist who wins the Nobel Prize for cancer research probably contributes at least as much to mankind as the man who produces *In Harm's Way*.



**Otto Preminger on a movie set: "The critic should be biased."**

# The Mortgaged Wife

**By Barbara Overmyer**

HERE in the Hopper Highlands
the houses wave with flagstones
and whirlybird-sprinkled lawns

as the whistle from the platform
sings the seven-o-seven
straight to the Loop the loop

where he signs his name, his endorsement
of this check in check out
receivable weekly.

Ostensibly for the League of Women Voters
or Marching for Dimes
I hit the streets.

My book is full of Green Stamps
stuck with hope and spit
redeemable for premiums some day.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Controversial Search For Value

By THOM ANDERSON

THE CONTROVERSY in American film criticism over the so-called auteur theory has been a remarkable example of the triumph of polemic over reasoned debate and disinterested judgment. This controversy has continued for so long that it is surprising how little attempt has been to place these polemics in a context that would enable readers to agree or disagree intelligently.

It all began with Pauline Kael's lengthy broadside aimed at Andrew Sarris in the spring 1963 *Film Quarterly*, which was closely followed by Dwight Macdonald's wide-ranging *Esquire* attack against the pathetic fallacies of film criticism, the latest battle in his lifelong war against those intellectual pretensions that have been protected, and indeed made sacred, by their very harmlessness and ineffectuality. Then their victims – Andrew Sarris and the editors of *Movie*–lined up for the counterattack. Finally there have come the commentators, standing above the battle and pointing out the foibles of both sides. They might be expected to complete the dialectic of this debate and thereby effect some sort of synthesis. However, not even the commentators have risen above the narrow confines of Pauline Kael's first attack.

There has been no attempt to present the debate in a broader historical perspective–one that can very easily be supplied. Actually the auteur theory, or *la politique des auteurs*, as its French version is more properly called, began with an article by François Truffaut called "*Une certaine tendance du cinéma français*," which appeared in the January 1954 issue of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, the French film magazine that has since become famous for its praise of American directors unrecognized in their homeland, such as Howard Hawks, Samuel Fuller, Nicholas Ray, Douglas Sirk, and Frank Tashlin. Truffaut did not present a theory; instead he presented a review of the French cinema with the view that directors, rather than scenarists, are properly the real creators of a cinema that can stand on its own with the other arts. This seems a modest idea, but we forget how much the weight of critical opinion has swung in his favor, even before the vogue of the auteur theory in the United States.

At that time, the French cinema was dominated in the minds of most critics not by Jean Renoir or by Robert Bresson, but by men like Aurenche and Bost, the team of scenarists who collaborated on *Symphony Pastorale*, *Forbidden Games*, *Devil in the Flesh*, and many other celebrated films. Truffaut believed that neglected men like Max Ophuls, Jacques Becker, and Abel Gance were authors ( auteurs) just as much as were Aurenche and Bost. Perhaps from this description of the situation of the French film in the early Fifties, we can partially understand the French fondness for the American cinema, which was not dominated by academic concepts of montage, by literature and the scenarists, by bourgeois conventions, or by a phony psychological realism–a domination felt very heavily by French cinema in what was called the Tradition of Quality.

However, Truffaut did not claim that directors were inevitably the auteur–which is supposedly the central principle of the auteur theory–instead he merely complained that most French films were dominated by the scenarios. Truffaut did not intend to create a system or theory or artistic values. He was not writing for history; his was a specific response to a specific problem at a specific time. Truffaut has emphasized in recent statements the transitory, polemical nature of the *politique* as he suggested it in 1954: "You see, the 'Politique des Auteurs'–I don't want to reneg on it today–but nevertheless it was timely; it intervened; it came up at a time when it was necessary to the situation as it was in France. I practice it, I believe in it today still, but on a much more limited number of directors . . . really . . . I think there are good Bergmans and bad Bergmans, good Aldrich and bad, very uneven, Aldrich. . . ."

It is unlikely that American critics who attack the auteur theory today would find any fault with Truffaut's article. Even those critics who once praised the Tradition of Quality have abandoned it now. But the article did create a polemical atmosphere in which certain *auteurs* were eulogized beyond their merits, as Truffaut admits, "The absence of great *auteurs* ten years ago brought us to the point of even inventing a few–and I must admit there were many of those." The *Cahiers* critics felt it necessary to choose sides behind those directors who upheld their idea of a personal cinema, so they divided the cinema into those they were for and those they were against, and therefore defended not single works but careers. In those days, Truffaut was fond of quoting Giraudoux's aphorism, "There are no art works, there are only artists." This sentence probably sums up best that tendency in criticism to which was applied the phrase *la politique des auteurs*, a catch-phrase from Truffaut's article that in this context one might fairly translate literally as a politics about authors. As a result, *Cahiers* became monotonously favorable to any film made by a director who had been canonized as an *auteur*.

IT was against this excess that Andre Bazin, editor and founder of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, wrote his celebrated article, "*De la politique des auteurs*," which should have ended the auteur theory debate for good. Bazin thought there were good Minnelli and bad Minnelli, good Welles and bad Welles. He agreed to the auteur credo that real film-making talent does not wither away with age but rather matures; however, he suggested an all-important qualification: "Talent is permanent, but not infallible." He offered many examples of works in other mediums which vividly demonstrated their creators' fallibility, *e.g.*, the plays of Voltaire, "Wellington's Victory" by Beethoven. Bazin found it odd that a theory that is debatable at best when applied to literature or painting, arts in which the work is wholly attributable to one man, should be applied to the cinema and especially to the American cinema, where factors of production play such an important part in the quality of the film, the creator being uniquely at the mercy of his patrons.

Bazin's article effectively ended the vogue of *la politique des auteurs* in France. It is now completely dead, and Truffaut's recent statements were truly post-mortems. However, the youngest critics have lost none of the audacity that marked the critical writings of their immediate elders who have gone on into film production. If the younger critics formally ignore the auteur theory, they write just as passionately about films and still champion directors ignored by English-speaking critics, such as Vittorio Cottafavi, director of Italian spectaculars such as *Hercules Conquers Atlantis* and *Revolt of the Gladiators*.

Why, then, has Andrew Sarris revived



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the auteur theory? I think he has done so merely to dramatize and legitimatize his polemics against the conservative, humanistic film criticism in the United States represented by Pauline Kael and Dwight Macdonald.

Sarris advocates the auteur theory not as a critical doctrine but as "the most efficient method of classifying the cinema" and as "a system of critical values involving hundreds of directors . . . ," as if, unlike any real theory of critical values, it doesn't necessarily involve every director—as if a theory were used solely for classification.

Sarris uses the auteur theory to publicize the critical coups, as he calls them, scored by the French critics of the Fifties. But there is a flaw in this critical strategy. He has attempted to use an idea, which in France was the weapon of an impressionistic criticism, against the impressionism dominating American criticism by systematizing all the insights of French criticism. But, when an impressionistic rallying cry is codified into a formal system, the dogmatic absurdities so gleefully pointed out by Miss Kael and Macdonald are inevitable.

Sarris is a critic who would rather have the truth on his side than the arguments. He had accepted the arguments against the validity of the auteur theory put forward by Andre Bazin—the same arguments that are now being revived by Dwight Macdonald and Pauline Kael—yet he now accepts the theory because those who hold to it have been right more often in their judgments of films than those who rejected it. So Sarris does not respond to the arguments put forward by his critics; instead, he says, in effect, look at the films we auteur critics like; only we appreciate Edgar G. Ulmer, so we must be right.

But Sarris's strategy has made it all too easy for critics like Miss Kael and Macdonald to discredit what we might call the *Cahiers* school of film criticism by implying that the auteur theory is the theoretical basis for this school, even though it was the leader of the *Cahiers* school, Andre Basin, who first formulated all the most damaging arguments against it.

But our disagreement with the auteur theory should not blind us to the virtues of this French film criticism and its practitioners in England and the United States. Although few have been convinced of the truth of Sarris's aphorism, "When a critic dies, he becomes socially conscious," this new criticism has combated the bias most earlier film critics have displayed for directors who are obviously socially conscious or whose works express certain prized attitudes such as "humanitarianism" or "generosity." The *Cahiers* critics have rejected the damaging assumption that some subjects or themes make intrinsically more important films than other, less favored subjects. Claude Chabrol formulated the definitive statement of this position in his article "*Les Petits Sujets,*" which appeared in the October 1959 *Cahiers.* And *Cahiers* critics have dismissed on formal grounds films like *Pather Panchali* and *He Who Must Die,* widely regarded here for their humanism and nobility of themes. On the other hand, *Sight and Sound,* in its consideration of *He Who Must Die,* gave it the benefit of the doubt, despite severe reservations, for the attitude and the theme it expressed. *Cahiers* gives close attention to films in critically neglected genres—"B" Westerns, Italian spectaculars, gangster films (just recently it gave one of its lead reviews to *Johnny Cool*). Their critics recognize that good films can come from anywhere.

Sarris's offensive on behalf of this criticism has forced all conscientious critics to reconsider films they previously had dismissed. No longer will Pauline Kael be able to make statements on Hollywood adventure films such as, "Even the kids they're made for know enough not to take them seriously," or to dismiss all Hollywood films she doesn't like as "trash." No longer will a film like Gerd Oswald's *Brainwashed* of 1961 come and go completely unnoticed by the critics. The conservative critics will see these films, if only to respond to the arguments advanced in their favor.

If French-inspired critics seem to ignore the content of the film, it is not because they like trash—as Pauline Kael suggests—but because so many directors, *i.e.,* those directors who came to Hollywood after the industry became rigidified, have little control over the apparent content of their work. These directors inevitably turned to a fanatical perfecting of their craft or to a disguising of the real content of their work behind an apparent content that was acceptable to their bosses (as Robert Aldrich did in *Kiss Me Deadly*).

To recognize these achievements is not to love trash. Nor must one have a perverted fondness for everything American to like a film such as *Kiss Me Deadly.* This criticism is not a mock celebration of our mass culture's plastic artifacts, of "the junk that surrounds us," to use Pauline Kael's phrase, but a real appreciation of those works that transcend the system within which they were created.

The French-inspired criticism has reminded critics of the truth of Eric Bent-

(*Continued on page* 34)

*"You would like to return to the buggy whip era. You fear the specter of creeping socialism. You espouse conservative causes. . . ."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Saturday Review

*Editor:* NORMAN COUSINS
*Publisher:* J. R. COMINSKY
*Associate Editors:* HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

*Associate Publisher*
W. D. PATTERSON

*Managing Editor*
RICHARD L. TOBIN

*Science Editor*
JOHN LEAR

*Poetry Editor*
JOHN CIARDI

*Education Editor*
PAUL WOODRING

*Production Manager*
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

*Book Review Editor*
ROCHELLE GIRSON

*General Editor*
HALLOWELL BOWSER

*Feature Editor*
JAMES F. FIXX

*Editors-at-Large*
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

*Contributing Editors*
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH


## The Grand Tradition

IF WE could, we'd send up a rocket in praise of William Jovanovich's *Now, Barabbas*. It is good to be reminded that book publishing is, or at least should be, an advanced and viable profession and not the archaic and grubby ordeal that emerges from the laments of some publishers themselves. There has been far too much crying in public for the good of the profession. The difficulties in book publishing today are real enough, but the industry has been damaged by the image it has tended to create of itself as a sick and crumbling enterprise. For years about the only sound the public heard from or about book publishing was that it was tattered and tottering. With particular relish, therefore, we read William Jovanovich's recent collection of essays on book publishing. Like Alfred A. Knopf, whose panoramic reminiscences *SR* published several weeks ago, William Jovanovich has style, exuberance, energy, pride in his calling, and contempt for whining and tincuppery. He has a strong sense of the grand tradition of which he is a part. He sees all sorts of exciting connections between the book and the shaping of a rational and vital society. He has stimulating things to say about literature, education, philosophy, history, science, politics, and the human condition. In short, he gives an impression of a man who enjoys his work and is fully alive.

What is most needed by book publishing today is not so much a reduction in the price of printing or paper as the restoration of prestige. There was a time, not so long ago, when book publishing was considered one of the most distinguished and lustrous of professions. The book publisher, like the university president, was regarded as a magistrate of the national culture. His taste and judgment gave tone and élan to the artistic and intellectual environment.

Back in those days—which is to say the Twenties—many college graduates who showed obvious promise selected book publishing as their first career choice. That was the golden age of young publishers. Men like John Farrar, Stanley Rinehart, Bennett Cerf, Richard Simon, Max Schuster, Harold Guinzburg, Elliott and John Macrae, and Cass Canfield all came on the publishing scene at about the same time. Was this efflorescence purely an accident? Or was it a specific reflection of the standing enjoyed by book publishing in the community at large, as well as the prospect of doing something important and rewarding? Today, in any poll of career preferences of leading college graduates, book publishing is far down the list. In part, of course, the glamour and the rewards of science and industry have exerted their magnetic pull; but in even larger part, perhaps, the change is a result of the unimpressive and gloomy picture of the industry created by publishers themselves. Publishing, no less than any other field, needs new talent. Indeed, it is the decreased supply of new talent that defines most sharply of all the problem of the book industry.

The essential question, of course, is whether there is a just basis for the distress signals so constantly and prominently displayed. It is incontestable that the book industry is running against serious odds—at least in the field of general, non-technical hardbacks. Costs make it imperative to charge $4 or more for an average-size hard-cover new book. But a book is a reading experience primarily and a piece of merchandise only secondarily. And a public conditioned to paying $1 or less for a reading experience in soft covers tends to resist higher prices for books that have yet to come through the acceptance gantlet.

GRANTING all these problems, it is nonetheless important to ask some questions. Why have book publishers never come together adequately as a cohesive unit in tackling their problems? They have an association, to be sure, but any comparison with associations in other industries shows how nominal is the principle of combined forces in the book field today. Why has there been so little research by book publishers in new methods of manufacturing and binding? Other industries can show revolutionary progress in technology and in keeping down their unit costs. Not so the book publishers. Why have book publishers as a whole been so maladroit and unimaginative in their dealings with bookstores? No retail industry is any stronger than its point of contact with the consumer. Can book publishers say they have done everything within reach and reason to keep hundreds of bookstores from going out of business? If so, why is there so much bitterness among booksellers, who contend that book publishers have virtually used the bookstore as a device for dramatizing the advantages of consumer buying by other means?

Further questions: How can one explain the absence of any coordinating agency among publishers to arrange for an orderly release of books? As matters now stand, any number of good books receive little or no review space because they are released in a torrential outpouring over the space of a few days. Three or four weeks later, the releases may be down to a trickle.

How much research has actually been done on the book-reading audience? Who buys books and why? How can book buyers best be reached?

Our appreciation of William Jovanovich is the result not just of his felicitous style or his ability to evaluate a good book or his pride in his profession, but of his capacity for converting publishing's problems into opportunities. His book, then, is a promise of leadership that is as important as it is welcome.

—N. C.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## No Lifetime Guarantee

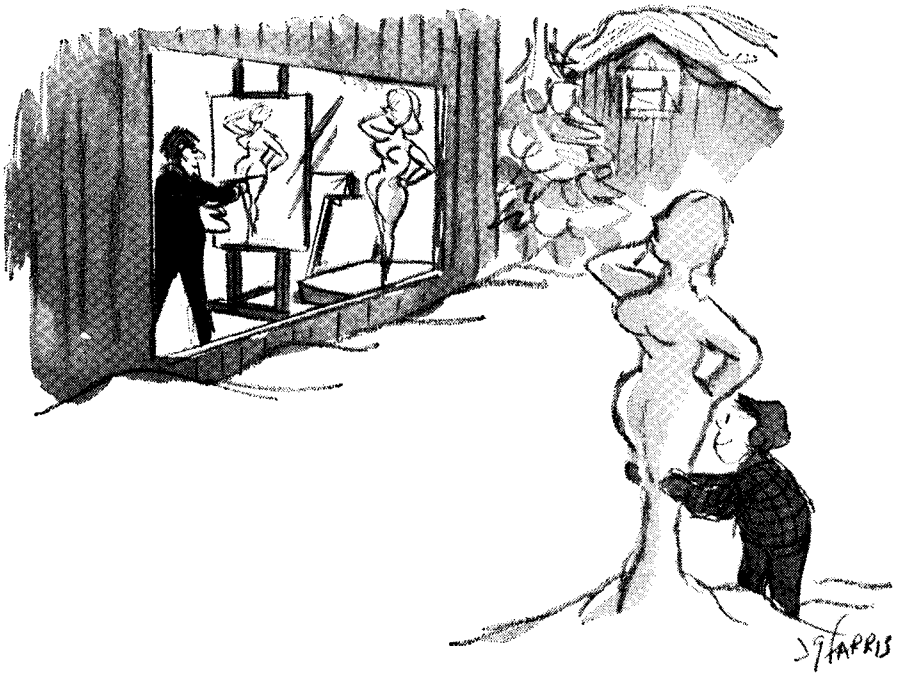
A. H. RASKIN's "Automation: Road to Lifetime Jobs?" [*SR*, Nov. 28] gives some wrong impressions about the career Civil Service that should be corrected. . . . Mr. Raskin says, "The hourly rated worker is still far from enjoying the career assurance of the average civil service employee. . . ." This gives the reader the definite impression that the Civil Service employee has the assurance of a lifetime job—that even though jobs are abolished, the employees stay. This is far from the fact.

It is important that *SR* readers, who are, of course, also taxpayers, not misunderstand the facts. The Civil Service system is a merit system and was not instituted, as Mr. Raskin implies, to provide lifetime job protection for employees. It was established for two reasons: 1) to assure selection of the best-qualified employees on the basis of merit and 2) to assure fair treatment of employees—promotions, demotions, and other personnel actions based on established rules rather than on the caprice of individual supervisors. Nowhere in the Civil Service system is there a guarantee of "lifetime income cushions," "lifetime jobs," "employees frozen into" jobs that no longer exist. In the Civil Service system employees can be and are fired because of incompetence. And when jobs are abolished, there is a commensurate cut in staffing.

We frequently hear from job applicants who have the mistaken notion that a Civil Service position will assure them a lifetime job. It is statements such as those made in Mr. Raskin's article that not only mislead job applicants but also give taxpayers a wrong impression of how their tax money is spent.

PAULA E. ZWINTSCHER,
District Manager,
Social Security Administration.

Oak Park, Ill.




## Footnote

HORACE SUTTON'S ARTICLE about bagels [*SR*, Nov. 21] is excellent. I am sure he will be pleased to learn the facts concerning the discovery of the bagel:

In 381 B.C., in Crete, there lived a baker named Bagelus. Now, Bagelus had gout. At that time, the standard remedy for gout (*cf.* Hippocrates) was to encase the large toe in warm dough. One day Bagelus was basking in the hot sun, his feet propped up, in order to give his dough-ringed toes the full benefit of the heat. It was an unusually hot day in Crete. In fact, Cleides tells us (*Heat and Humidity in Ancient Athens*, Olympian Press, 1864) that the temperature on that particular day reached 117 degrees. The dough on Bagelus's toes hardened. When he awakened, he discovered on his toes a fully formed and hardened formation of large brown rings. He also discovered that all the animals in the neighborhood, attracted by the odor, were now pressing in upon him, trying to eat the rings off his feet. Bagelus removed the baked ringlet from his left foot, sniffed at it, then bit into it, experiencing a most delectable and irresistible taste sensation.

It is not known whether Bagelus thereafter hired men to sit in the sun with baked dough ringed around their toes in order to get the authentic sun-baked confection, or whether he synthesized the product in his own bakeshop. Be that as it may, ancient Greece was introduced to the Bagelus ring, later known as the bagel.

It is true that the bagel has been appreciated and developed mainly in Jewish cooking; but now that the bagel is becoming universalized, it may be well to set the matter straight concerning its historical origin in ancient Greece.

CULL PEPPER,
Visiting Professor of
Ancient Mores,
University of Athens.

Athens, Greece

## History Lesson

IT IS WITH concern that we, the senior class of Friday Harbor High, write this letter to you. It concerns the article "Fifty-Four Forty or Compromise," by Horace Sutton, [*SR*, Oct. 17]. Mr. Sutton has painted a very inaccurate picture of our island. Following are some examples:

Mr. Sutton stated, in regard to the Pig War, that "there is precious little else of historical import about, and the locals have to make the most of what they have." This is not true. There is other history; for example, didn't Mr. Sutton learn about the smuggling—of wool, liquor, and dope?

And the "old wagons full of petunias" consist of a grand total of one! And the man who Mr. Sutton said built Roche Harbor ("John McMillin, a patriarchal industrialist who had mined lead in the area") does not, and never did, exist. Roche Harbor was founded by John McMillan, the lime king.

We suggest that the next time Mr. Sutton writes an article, he should first make sure of his facts.

THE SENIOR CLASS,
Friday Harbor High School.

Friday Harbor, Wash.

## The Defenders

AFTER READING John Ciardi's "The King Who Saved Himself from Being Saved" [*SR*, Nov. 14], to the delight of as many of my friends as I could corner, I was pained by the letter of your "bored" correspondent of December 5.

I again zeroed in on the poem and still find it the most delightful piece of humorous satire to come my way. Its scope is so broad that I couldn't decide whether to send a copy to Billy Graham or Barry Goldwater. I did neither when it struck me that I would be attempting a bit of saving of my own.

NINO DE PROPHETIS, M.D.

Chester, Pa.

A LADY FROM Flushing, New York, is bored by Mr. Ciardi's quite delightful poem "The King Who Saved Himself from Being Saved." Too bad. Here the readers of your journal have a highly capable poet and critic, who is one of the freshest voices in literature that we now have, and she is bored!

Let's have more and more of Mr. Ciardi (although I would prefer to hear less about his family).

FULTON CATLIN.

Huntingdon, Pa.

WELL, YOU CAN'T win 'em all. But John Ciardi has a high enough batting average not to have to worry about one bored reader.

C. L. HAWKINS.

New York, N.Y.


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Order *vs.* Liberty

THE NBC Television Network series based on President John F. Kennedy's best-selling *Profiles in Courage* is currently about one-third of the way through its projected twenty-six-week run. Each of the sixty-minute dramas on film relates a crucial incident in the life of an American public figure who displayed moral courage in holding to fundamental convictions when challenged by powerful political or social pressures. President Kennedy's book included only eight stories; the television show widens the scope of the concept, enlarges its historical dimension, and embraces more eras in its chronological sweep. One notices more than personal heroism if one views the programs regularly, and much useful light is thrown on the collective antagonist. He is the great tyrant, the majority.

"The will of the people," John Stuart Mill wrote, "means the will of the most numerous or the most active part of the people." The majority, he noted, may want to oppress a part of their number. In the first program of the series the Ku Klux Klan exemplified this dangerous collectivity. It was a story about Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama. Senator Underwood denounced the hooded organization at the 1924 Democratic convention, refusing to make a deal with men who purported to speak for the Klan at a time when it was at its peak of power in the South. *Profiles in Courage* showed, in two other recent programs, how prevailing community opinion, threatened by real or imaginary danger, sought to impose its will on secondary and higher education. Mary S. McDowell, a Latin teacher in a Brooklyn high school during World War I, was declared unfit to teach by the Board of Education because her Quaker principles prevented her from signing a loyalty oath or doing war work. Professor Richard T. Ely, economist at the State University of Wisconsin, made a successful public fight in 1894 to overcome charges that he was an anarchist or socialist because he taught his students, during a period when labor was organizing in the United States, to examine all sides of economic controversies.

The heroes in the series are the independent, dissenting minority. The villains have been bigots or frightened people or superpatriotic education officials. Future episodes will show the tyrant majority in action from the days of John Adams to Robert A. Taft, as passions sweep citizens in war, crime, and labor riots.

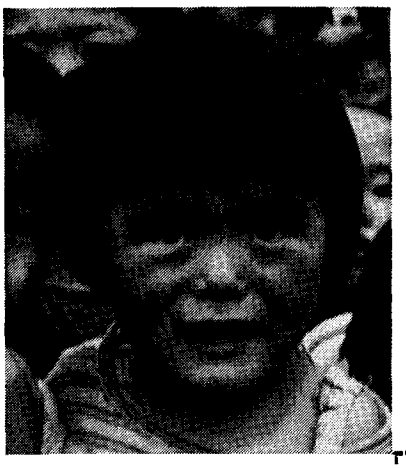
Dissenters are unpopular in any era, and *Profiles in Courage* deals with those safely enshrined in contemporary favor. But the problem of nonconformity is very much with us today. John Stuart Mill also said: "There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs as protection against political despotism." What an excellent theme this would make for history teachers in our schools! Here are twenty-six television episodes—entertainment, available to all students—that can be assigned for extracurricular viewing and discussed in class in a continuing search for Mill's limit. It is the essential theme of Western democracy, the problem of order and liberty, the balance between the rights of the community and those of the individual.

*The Teaching of American History in High Schools* (Baxter, Ferrell, and Wiltz), a report recently published by the Indiana University Press, asserts that high school history teachers don't know their subject and that their students don't learn much; the latter view history with "apathy if not plain hostility." The three professors who wrote the report suggest intensive off-campus courses for teachers, who will read books, review them, and have conferences with university historians. "An informed, imaginative teacher can offer a good course with any of the standard texts," say the authors, "and without recourse to extravagant audiovisual aids, television, or other special devices." This is true, but the professors reveal a print-oriented bias in their slur at the newer electronic teaching tools.

A good history teacher, alert to the opportunities afforded by *Profiles in Courage*, could make his students see our unfolding history in a perspective that can capture their interest. Some 90,000 principals of secondary schools have received teachers' guides that may be used in studying these programs. Not only in subject matter but also in teaching methods should education encourage "the fearless sifting and winnowing —by which truth alone can be found."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.


# Will you be Boo Sun's sponsor?



Boo Sun lives with 9 relatives in a one-room hut in an impoverished South Korean village.

All she ever wanted was "to be a teacher, so I could make little children wise."

But education is not free in South Korea. And Boo Sun's parents are desperately poor.

They're also proud. That's why they refuse charity.

But if they had a cow to do the plowing, they could grow enough rice to earn money to send Boo Sun to school.

. . . Will you buy Boo Sun a cow?

Your contribution to Save the Children Federation, though tax-deductible, is not charity. It's used instead for self-help. Children, families, entire communities in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, Tanganyika, Colombia, Italy, and American Indians as well, are aided to stand on their feet through Save the Children self-help funds. As a sponsor, you or your group receive the story and photograph of the child you help to help himself, and the opportunity for person-to-person correspondence.

**Won't you fill in the coupon?**

Founded 1932

**SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION**

Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help a ( ) girl ( ) boy in_____(countries listed on left) or where the need is greatest ( ).

Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ( ) $37.50 a quarter ( )
$75 semi-annually ( ) $150 annually ( )

I cannot sponsor a child:
enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zip_____ State_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. SR 12-26-4




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## The Gift of Fiction: 1964

THE MOST important novel of 1964 is Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. Indeed, we have to go a long way back, perhaps as far back as the mid-Thirties, when Faulkner was at his peak, to find a novel that is more impressive in its own right and more significant as a literary event. I have just been reading a long review by Forrest Read in *Epoch*, a quarterly published by Cornell University. In the course of it, Read mentions Flaubert, Joyce, Kafka, Dreiser, Malamud, Hemingway, Lawrence, and various others; and the names are not dragged in. Bellow has learned all he can from his predecessors and contemporaries, and he has known how to make the most of what he has learned. As Read says, "It will be a long time before *Herzog* will be exhausted."

The book is having a great popular success, and there will no doubt be a critical reaction. (I look forward to an article by Dwight Macdonald on what is wrong with *Herzog*.) When reviewers agree that a novel is of major importance, many Americans become convinced that they ought to read it. This happened with Cozzens's *By Love Possessed*, Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*, and Mary McCarthy's *The Group*. What this audience, so much larger than the audience for most serious fiction, will make of *Herzog* is an interesting question. I hope it will open their eyes, as the novels I have just named were not likely to do, to the tremendous possibilities of fiction today.

In a completely different but nevertheless worthy tradition is Louis Auchincloss's *The Rector of Justin*, a splendid example of what is called "social realism." Nearer in spirit to Bellow's book is John Hawkes's *Second Skin*, which once more exhibits the author's extraordinary feeling for the grotesque and his almost hypnotic style. John Cheever in *The Wapshot Scandal* continues his account of a family that has its share of grotesques. His gift for fantasy beautifully balances his powers of observation.

Two veteran novelists, James T. Farrell and Robert Penn Warren, were back on the literary scene this year. In my review I said that *What Time Collects* was part of a projected series of four novels. I was wrong; Farrell has plans for twenty-seven novels. *What Time Collects*, in both its virtues and its faults, is of a piece with all that has gone before it. Farrell is as honest and as hard-working as ever. Warren's *Flood*, on the other hand, represents a low point in the author's career. His talents, which are considerable, are in large part wasted on silly melodrama.

With *Fight Night on a Sweet Saturday* Mary Lee Settle completed her trilogy of life in West Virginia from pioneer days to the present, and an impressive piece of work the trilogy is. Ken Kesey's second novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, is on the wild side, but it sustains a difficult technique, and it has some fine passages. Gore Vidal's first novel in several years, *Julian*, seemed to me rather dull, but, since the book has been for a long time on the best-seller lists, a lot of people must disagree with me. Although she was precociously talented when she published her first book of short stories, Shirley Ann Grau has grown steadily in power and control, and I think *The Keeper of the House* is her best book.

Among the beginners, Heather Ross Miller seems to me the most interesting. Sometimes *The Edge of the Wood* is a little precious, but it gives a sense of a way of life, and it comes to an effectively dramatic climax. Since she has published books of various sorts, Margaret Lawrence is scarcely a beginner, but the simultaneous publication of her first novel, *The Stone Angel*, and her first collection of short stories, *The Tomorrow-Tamer*, together with a travel book, brought her abruptly to the attention of readers in the United States. (She is a Canadian by birth, and has spent some years in Africa.)

1964 was quite a year for short stories. John O'Hara was back with his fourth collection in four years, *The Horse Knows the Way*—the mixture as before. In addition to his novel, John Cheever published a collection of stories, very good ones, *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow*. James Gould Cozzens's *Children and Others* suggested that the short story was not his strong point. Jean Stafford's *Bad Characters*, on the other hand, demonstrated her almost perfect control of the form. Two newcomers were interesting in different ways: George Steiner, a brilliant young critic, tried his hand at fiction in *Anno Domini*, writing with somber and dignified skill; Hubert Selby, for his part, wrote about gutter characters in gutter language in *Last Exit for Brooklyn*, and wrote impressively.

In the course of the year I reviewed

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks surveys 1964's fiction

24 The European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements

26 The Letters of John Ruskin to Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, edited by John Lewis Bradley

27 The Literature of Gossip: Nine English Letter-Writers, by Elizabeth Drew

35 Criminal Record

37 The Night of the Giraffe and Other Stories, by Alfred Andersch

37 If Morning Ever Comes, by Anne Tyler

38 The New Meaning of Treason, by Rebecca West

39 The Future of the Republican Party, by Robert J. Donovan

40 Pick of the Paperbacks



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half a dozen novels from England, and by all odds the best was William Golding's *The Spire*. Few novelists are asking such profound questions about man and the world as Golding has asked in all five of his novels, and his answers, tentative as they always are, are unsettling and memorable. I also thought well of Doris Lessing's *Children of Violence*, made up of two novels that tell the story of a young woman in Africa. As in *The Golden Notebook*, Miss Lessing shows the making of a free woman.

Anthony Powell and C. P. Snow each added a volume to his series on contemporary British life. Powell's *The Valley of Bones* not only measured up to the standard of earlier volumes but introduced a new and somewhat more serious note. Snow's *Corridors of Power*, on the other hand, was at least a mild disappointment. In this, Snow has reached almost to the highest level of the power structure, and what he has to say is often interesting enough in a sociological way, but there isn't much of the kind of human insight that has given the earlier novels in the series a more than historical interest. Perhaps Sir Charles will be remembered as a statesman rather than as a novelist.

A British novel that I didn't review but did read and like is Iris Murdoch's *The Italian Girl*. This is perhaps the most fascinating and the most amusing of Miss Murdoch's novels. Like its immediate predecessor, *The Unicorn*, it is something of a mystery story, but the turns and twists are even more startling and the situations even more bizarre. At the same time the author is, as usual, capable of complete seriousness, and parts of the novel are downright grim.

I have limited myself to fiction because that is all there is room for, but I should mention several collections of essays on both literary and political themes: Ralph Ellison's *Shadow and Act*, Diana Trilling's *Claremont Essays*, and Norman Podhoretz's *Doings and Undoings*. And I should at least allude to Ernest Samuels's *Henry Adams: The Major Phase*. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

## Epitaph for My Ego

By Walter Lowenfels

IT'S a rock
I'm holding on to
that's a sponge
I'm falling through
in the middle of an ocean
that's a sieve drowning
on the Continental shelf
of somebody else.

# The European Literary Scene

**Can our tastes in literature,** like our tastes in clothing, really change radically in a span of twenty years? When Camus wrote his play *Le Malentendu* two decades ago, it was hooted by many. The plot was incongruous. It strained belief that a predatory mother and daughter, innkeeping in Moravia, should unwittingly murder the old woman's own son among other rich travelers who happened into their trap. One was not sure what Camus intended by this philosophically labored *Arsenic and Old Lace*. True, he had already given us an advance clue to the meaning which he read into his tragic plot by having Meursault ponder it in *The Stranger*. Says this ill-starred outsider within his prison: "In one way the story is farfetched. In another it is perfectly natural. In any case, I found that the traveler deserved what he got. You can't play games." The son's game in *Malentendu* was concealing his identity, and what he got was death in a chill mountain stream.

Camus's play has reopened to enthusiastic crowds at the Gramont Theater in Paris, and the critic Jacques Lenormand loftily explains the difference in the present attitude: "What people then could scarcely forgive in Camus was to have discovered the true fountainheads of tragedy, those which had sustained the Greek tragedians and whose location had been pointed out by Nietzsche. The author of *Malentendu* wanted us to drink of them, and only now is succeeding."

It would seem, more simply, that twenty years of attending the Theater of the Absurd has softened up the public for an easier acceptance of Camus's particular version of the Absurd.

**Identity** has become as important an ingredient of the modern novel as has the flow of time. A successful manipulator of this theme is Max Frisch, who started his literary career jotting notes while guarding the borders of his native Switzerland, and saw his identity change to that of writer when the notes were successfully published. Frisch's first novel to be concerned with the nature of self was *I'm Not Stiller*, the study—possibly influenced by Pirandello's *Mattia Pascal*—of a man who forges a passport and thereby assumes a new identity. A smashing success, Frisch's latest novel, *Let My Name Be Gantenbein (Mein Name sei Gantenbein)*, carries his fascination with identity to bewildering extremes. In this anti-novel the narrator switches unannounced from one personage to another, characters shed and recapture identities with protean rapidity, and the plot never really emerges. That his narrative is as elusive as a St. Elmo's Fire does not bother Frisch: *"Ich probiere Geschichten an wie Kleider"* ("I try on plots like clothes").

Lila, an actress—no, she has now metamorphosed into an Italian countess—is loved by three men, including Theo Gantenbein, who must occasionally slip into the role of blind man to hold her affection. Jealousy is the theme most easily traced. It is a painful emotion, not for the usual reasons, but only because through jealousy one discovers that he has misunderstood the nature of his partner, that the world is not identical with that partner.

For an author who has written plays—albeit highly symbolic ones—on such concrete and specific problems as Nazi crimes *(Nun singen sie wieder)*, the atom bomb *(Die Chinesische Mauer)*, and the rise of totalitarianism *(Biedermann)*, Frisch would seem to have drastically altered his wardrobe.

**Hucksters and publicity methods** enliven two popular novels this year, the *Littératron* of France's Robert Escarpit and the *Tigre domestica* of Italy's Giancarlo Buzzi. Yet no novelist seems to have mastered the subject so fully as Holland's Jan Cremer, an unhidden persuader at the Frankfurt Book Fair. His publisher obligingly crowned a stand

—*Pictorial Parade.*

**Max Frisch—an altered wardrobe.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a huge photograph of Cremer, who daily haunted the display clad in a variety of conspicuous costumes. Under the blown-up portrait one read: "Jan Cremer, Inc. Post Box 1061, Amsterdam. Phone 66097." His book? *Ik, Jan Cremer.* The dedicatee? Jan Cremer. This self-confidence so impressed publishers from twelve countries that they contracted for the book on the spot. Not knowing Dutch, where did they learn of the book's qualities? From Jan Cremer.

**Mary McCarthy** in *Arts* has administered a resounding spanking to Simone de Beauvoir for the latter's constant misrepresentations of America and Americans. It was time someone did so, and the timing was perfect, for Miss McCarthy's prestige has been much enhanced by her current best-seller *(The Group)* in Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Holland, as well as France. She finds Mlle. de Beauvoir's *Travel Notes* yet another proof that the French writer's Marxist preconceptions prevent her from seeing America as other than "a land of Oz peopled by robots, a vision corresponding to no reality in the U.S. or anywhere else. . . . She is a petrification of a fear widespread in Europe today, fear of the future." Some of us who met Simone de Beauvoir back when she was writing such statements as "*le danger stalinien est une invention américaine,*" and did not wish on brief acquaintance to take issue with her, have been waiting for an American to make the reply Miss McCarthy has expressed so articulately. However, Mlle. de Beauvoir can be counted on, in Vol. III of her memoirs, for the last word in response to her erstwhile rival for Sartre's affections.

**This year** Europeans strove harder than ever to assess the meaning and purpose of poetry in the Western world. One of the key agenda at the October PEN Congress in Budapest was to seek answers to such basic questions as: What are the new aspirations of poetry? Is poetry headed toward order or chaos? And so on. Even before, major poets of four continents had gathered in the Kongresshalle of Berlin to debate these matters. One journalist called the Berlin sessions a "UNO of the spirit." Such top practitioners as Pierre Emmanuel, Stephen Spender, Günther Grass, and Giuseppe Ungaretti represented Europe, while Aimé Césaire, increasingly prominent creator of the concept of "negritude," headed the African delegation.

Obviously the attempt to define poetry's role in contemporary society was made more difficult by the variety of viewpoints. There was agreement that poetry required new forms and needed to explore unsuspected areas of experience. It was agreed that the poet can no longer withdraw from society and become what Leopardi called the "solitary sparrow," even if, as Heidegger once put it, it is poets who risk the most in periods of distress. There was general curiosity about seeking the "verbal equivalents to the visual," with Emmanuel exhibiting his *court métrage, Spain,* and illustrating therewith how hard it is to set documentary films to verse.

In the One World of poetry, however, the Africans found obstacles to being understood. The translation of African poetry presents more than the usual frustrations and deterrents. The black South African Ezekiel Mphahlele pointed out that the oral tradition of native poetry requires meaningful gestures which cannot be incorporated in a translation.

Meanwhile, back on the Rive Gauche, the Parisian poet Jean L'Anselme found in marriage with another medium his own nostrum for the poet's malaise. As he stated it, "You know that we poets are published in runs of no more than 500 copies. We send 200 to the critics and we sell 100. Poetry in book form is outmoded. We are heading toward a poetry which will be expressed on discs, in song. . . . If necessary, we'll put out verse to music of the twist."

If the role of the poet is still unresolved in the West, he has an even more uncertain visa in the East. This past spring Yosip Brodski of Leningrad was sentenced as a "social malingerer" to forced labor in Archangel. His plight became a *cause célèbre,* occupying almost as many news columns as Sartre's refusal of the Nobel Prize. The principal issue was whether a free-lance poet and translator, even a young one of promise, still qualified as a "worker" in the Soviet hierarchy. Although the early Marxists embraced writers and intellectuals as workers, now it appeared that seldom-published poets and independent translators "without contracts enough to live on" were guilty of "refusing to work for the common good." Brodski has since been freed, but the moral condemnation has not been reversed.

Hungary entertains similar doubts about poets. This year Ferenc Baranyi was attacked widely for his poem "Ballad of the Pampered Youth," written in 1963. This is a rather anodyne piece complaining about the smugness of the older generation of Communists and pleading for better housing and work opportunities for the young. A youthful technician of the Csepel Iron Works read this ballad in a factory contest and was, as a result, barred from admission to the university. Baranyi expressed in writing his "impotent rage" that not only poets, but their readers, must suffer at the hands of the KISZ (Communist Youth Organization).

The balance sheet for 1964 does not seem to show much gain for young poets who wish to break their own trails.

**In retrospect,** the year did better by the manuscript hunters, and especially by Professor Vittor Branca of Padua, who identified an autograph copy of Boccaccio's *Decameron* as well as the manuscript of the last work of Politian, the famed Renaissance poet and humanist (once curiously the subject of a *New Yorker* "profile"). Other unusual manuscripts uncovered during the year were a letter of Petrarch to Bernabò Visconti, a hundred pages of Chateaubriand's *Mémoirs d'Outre-tombe,* six new letters of Conrad to Emilie Briquel, several epistles of Alain-Fournier to Mme. Simone, and the supposed-lost original of Dostoevsky's *Writer's Diary,* auctioned off in Marburg. Oh, I almost forgot. There was that dignified but disconsolate letter of John Cleland, written while he was being prosecuted for his *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure.*

**The year saw** a continuing flood of letters to the London *Times Literary Supplement* from college instructors all over America, who have replaced retired officers of His Majesty's India Service in volume of correspondence to that august journal. Sir Bruce Richmond, editor of *TLS* who died early in October, must have felt an amused indulgence toward assistant professors in the remoter U.S. schools who had discovered that it was not difficult to appear in the columns of *TLS* alongside Sir Herbert Read and Dame Edith Sitwell. Around Siwash this was the equivalent of, or perhaps even better than, a small article in an American professional quarterly. —Robert J. Clements.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1116**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1116 will be found in the next issue.*

BXGXZP NZT WET CTTCP NAC

PQSSTZFALP XS GFLEW.

LXTWET

---

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1115***

*Force is only a desire for flight: it lives by violence and dies from liberty.*
—Da Vinci.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The First and Last Rose

***The Letters of John Ruskin to Lord and Lady Mount-Temple,*** *edited by John Lewis Bradley (Ohio State University Press. 399 pp. $6.25), record the frustrated passion of the great British art critic and literary stylist for a fascinating and precocious child. Peter Quennell's biography of Ruskin is now in paperback.*

By PETER QUENNELL

THE ENERGETIC and prolific Victorians were extraordinarily voluminous correspondents, despite the magnitude of the tasks they shouldered and the engrossing complexity of the private lives that they led. None wrote more, on a greater variety of subjects, than that ill-fated prophet John Ruskin. Many of his letters still remain unpublished. From the material contained in the present volume, which covers his correspondence with two close friends, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, between 1856 and 1888, Ruskin's modern biographers, including the late Derek Leon and myself, have already made some brief extracts. But the whole series has never been printed in full; and it now reaches us under the learned editorship of Professor John Bradley, who supplies a shrewd and sympathetic introduction.

The Mount-Temples were a typically Victorian pair—rich, cultivated, aristocratic, yet possessed by an absorbing sense of duty. They were involved not only in political and social life but in a wide range of meritorious causes, and peopled Broadlands, their splendid country house, with oddly unexpected guests—Negro intellectuals who frightened their English butler, spiritualists who organized the séances from which Lady Mount-Temple and, later, Ruskin derived a mystic consolation. It was to these friends that the prophet turned during a period of acute personal distress.

In his youth Ruskin had admired Lady Mount-Temple as a beautiful, remote virgin. About 1856 he came to know her better; and by 1866 she had been promoted to the position of beloved confidante. Those whom he loved he usually nicknamed; Lady Mount-Temple was his "dear *Philé*," afterwards his "dearest Isola"; and into her ear he poured out all his sorrows.

THE cause of his unhappiness, from the 1860s onwards, was the passionate attachment he had developed for a fascinating and precocious child. Rose La Touche was ten years old when he first encountered her in 1858, and he pursued his vision of the radiant, immaculate "girl child" until she died in 1874. He seriously considered marrying her, but her parents, who had begun by tolerating, even encouraging, his perfervid interest in their daughter, little by little grew alarmed and suspicious, and eventually forbade their meetings. Rose's own emotions—she was always neurotic and unstable—seem to have oscillated violently from month to month. She was disturbed both by Ruskin's unorthodox beliefs and by the reports she heard about his past career. His wife had divorced him for congenital impotence; dark stories were told of his behavior as a married man. Rose, who had religious delusions and would presently experience a complete mental breakdown, withdrew into a shadowy, haunted world, where Ruskin soon discovered that she was quite beyond his grasp.

THESE letters, though they touch on many other themes, are primarily the record of his frustrated passion. They make painful but immensely instructive reading, for seldom has a human heart been so patiently and thoroughly stripped bare. Sometimes Ruskin adores and trusts Rose; sometimes he indulges in furious railing against her juvenile folly and insensitiveness: "I can no more talk to her than I could to a fawn or a peewit. . . . I can't reason with her—or she would have a headache—I can't tell her she's a little goose—because she doesn't know the difference between that and anything else." Rose's mother, whom he had originally styled "La-certa," since she had "the grace and wisdom of the serpent without its poison," is renamed "Lamia," a "horror of iniquity . . . with a strange Irish ghastliness of grotesque mistake mixed with the wickedness." As Rose recedes and the vision evaporates, Ruskin's self-control rapidly declines, and his hold on sanity becomes more and more precarious. From the year of Rose's death his letters to the Mount-Temples are those of a half-broken man.

No one who appreciates Ruskin as an artist and sympathizes with him as a human being should fail to acquire this well-produced volume. Professor Bradley is an admirable editor; his preface and editorial comments are equally informative and understanding. His index, however, is not as helpful as it might be; and on page 10 he makes a curiously misleading statement about Lord Mount-Temple's parentage. The master of Broadlands was not merely Lord Palmerston's "stepson," but the famous statesman's illegitimate offspring. Palmerston had married his mistress, widow of Lord Cowper, Mount-Temple's putative sire, after a long, happy, and widely publicized liaison. To that fact Mount-Temple owed much of his wealth and much of the social authority he exercised.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Alone Together with Their Letters

***The Literature of Gossip: Nine English Letter-Writers,*** *by Elizabeth Drew (Norton. 254 pp. $5), unfolds the private personalities of some highly individual men and women of letters. Robert Halsband wrote "The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."*

By ROBERT HALSBAND

"THE ONLY device for combining solitude and good company" was Byron's definition of letter-writing. It is a device that goes back to Xerxes, but in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century England, it is generally agreed, the informal letter also achieved a high plane of literary excellence. One of its main ingredients was gossip, if that word be taken in a broad and benign sense; hence Elizabeth Drew has used it for the title of her pleasantly written and eminently readable book.

The nine letter-writers she discusses range from Dorothy Osborne in the mid-seventeenth century to Edward Fitzgerald at the end of the nineteenth—the one a modest woman who lived during the Puritan Revolution and the Restoration, the other a recluse, whose translation of Omar Khayyám is a modern classic. In between we have Jonathan Swift, the great satirist, whose "exile" in Ireland encouraged his epistolary friendships; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, traveler and eccentric, who found letters the most congenial vehicle for her energetic wit; Horace Walpole, taste-maker and amateur *par excellence,* who channeled his varied enthusiams into an enormous correspondence; William Cowper, gentle poet and religious melancholiac; Charles Lamb, essayist and friend of the first generation of Romantic poets; Lord Byron, ebullient poet and victim of his own legend; and Jane Carlyle, wife and helpmeet of a prickly genius. It would be difficult to find any traits common to these diverse persons, except that all of them wrote letters that can be read as literature.

In her approach to the subject Miss Drew breaks no new ground; her book is, in effect, an old-fashioned "appreciation." As such it avoids intensive critical analysis, trying instead to convey to the reader the charm and interest of the writers and their letters. In this essential purpose she is successful to a remarkable degree, for she unfolds the personality of each with sympathy and at the same time maintains some critical detachment. It requires a wide spectrum of empathy to enter into the gaudy egotism of Byron and the bitter control of Mrs. Carlyle, the unseemly emotional abandon of Lady Mary and the tough stoicism of Swift. Miss Drew's other great virtue is that of the anthologist: she quotes from her letter-writers the passages that demonstrate their skills most persuasively; and then deftly weaves them into her own prose.

Her shortcoming in this book may be that she devotes excessive space to biographies—which, in such brief compass, too often seem potted—and not enough to excerpts; for, after all, the attraction lies not in the lives of these people, however eventful or piquant, but in their letters. However, since a suggested reading list is given at the end of the book, one can easily continue exploring "the literature of gossip."

(*Book reviews continue on page* 35)

**Jane Carlyle—"helpmeet of a prickly genius."**

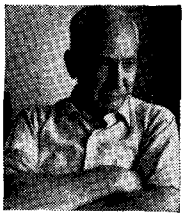
## Jamaican Ministry

**By David Posner**

FATHER on horseback wouldn't arrive till sunset
In a whirl of mosquitoes
Under the thirty foot poinciana. I sniffed the rancid
Garden, counted the humming birds as their tongues
Milked the red flowers.
Derelict myrtle below their wings
Led to the mission porch where I would sit
Now, the new minister's son in a clean shirt.
Grass ribbed the floor:
A paradise untenanted
Seven years, the earth
Flushed with veins from the hills.
And the humming birds, purple and bronze,
Ignored our shouts, footfalls.
My cousins took range
While the birds made blue fire, a faultless
Burning in midair.
We never saw their wings move,
Not even when we raised our slingshots.
A halo nearer earth than heaven
Ringed our heads:
Then birds fell, two, three, ten, eleven,
Twenty at our leaping, just where the ground bled
Bauxite. My cousins, hard in their vigor,
Kicked the bodies hurtling at their feet.
Who would think such feeble *rigor mortis*
A dolphin's rainbow or the last amenities
An old lady glows with? The ineffable feathers
Darkened, iridescence gone,
A coat of mail effaced to dun.
Heavy along the sky a simplicity like death
Lit the dry sun. Besieged,
My hand felt red, my wrist was burning.
I walked toward the house, suddenly mourning
A ghost too small to imagine.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Dan Budnik.

**André Kertész, 1964**

# ANDRE KERTESZ, PHOTOGRAPHER

By MARGARET R. WEISS

THE Museum of Modern Art's invitation to its current show read simply: "André Kertész, Photographer." That was more than adequate identification for a man whose innovations in pictorial reporting have been cited not only as inspiration for Cartier-Bresson and Brassaï but as a major influence in determining the course of modern European photography.

Wisely, John Szarkowski, director of the museum's department of photography, has elected a long retrospective view as the shortest means of bringing Kertész's contribution into sharp focus. Tracing a half-century career, the exhibit becomes a tale of three cities—Budapest, Paris, and New York—the different locales in which Kertész has made his home over the years. In themselves, these geographical locations have no special significance. But, like multicolored threads on a loom, they are warp and woof for a tapestry of singular insights.

Thoughtful attention to every detail has made this a most appealing installation. Mr. Szarkowski uses the visual aids of wall color and framing treatment subtly and skilfully. Space seems apportioned rather than partitioned; the retrospective flow is never interrupted. This is doubly effective, for it reinforces the fact that Kertész's photographs defy classification into "periods." Even the most critical eye will detect little difference in artistic purpose between a view of suburban Budapest taken in 1920 and one of the New York scene made some forty years later.

There is no question of the *one man* in this one-man show. All the seventy prints share the same sensitive approach, the same art of seeing; all bear the common signature of poignancy, humane concern, lack of complacency. Kertész's style has remained as true as his vision—a characteristic that the poet Paul Dermée recognized when in 1927 he wrote of his work that "there is no method, no arrangement, no deception, no embroidery."

Dermée might properly have added that there is no backward look, no slavish ties to the past, no pandering to the *nouvelle vague* of the moment, no swaying with each wind of doctrine. For Kertész has always been an individualist, an independent, and above all an innovator.

Certainly the teen-age Kertész had

**Budafok, Hungary, 1919**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neither art training nor contact with the photographers of the early 1900s. It was his own small box camera with its dozen-pack of glass plates that introduced him to an exciting new world of visual experience and adventure. Intimate scenes of Budapest and its environs, side glances at carnival, city park, and gypsy camp, people and places and the small happenings of which they were part—these were his first subjects. And in a sense, his most recent ones, too—though transplanted by time and geography to New York's Tudor City or Tenth Avenue and recorded by a versatile Leica rather than his earlier Goertz Tenax.

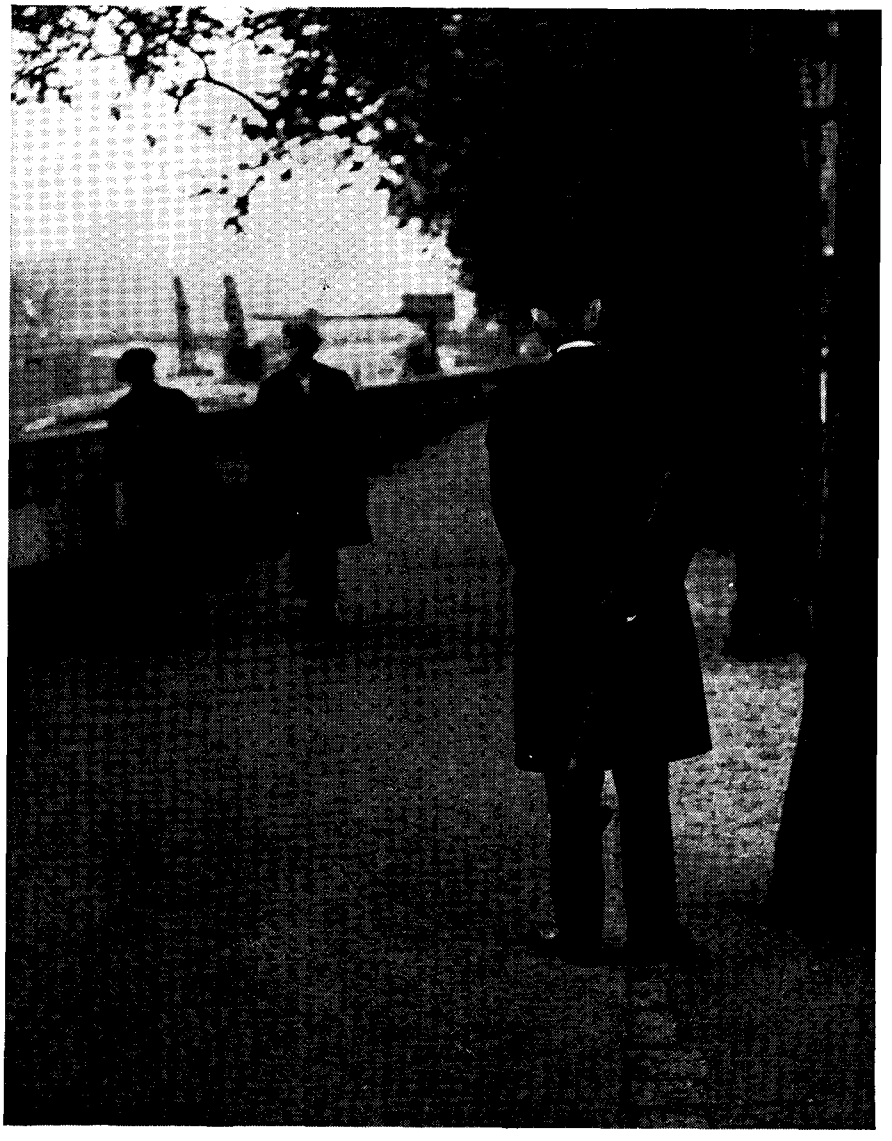
After army service as a photo reporter in World War I, Kertész was determined that the camera and not commerce would become his lifework. In 1925 he left Hungary and settled in Paris. The ateliers, the cafés, Montparnasse and Montmartre, the banks of the Seine, the life and changing lights of the city were magnets for his lens. Here, indeed, the photographer knew that he had found his spiritual home, and only a few years later the world was to know it, too.

By 1927 his camera reportage had already gained attention in leading European publications. A one-man show in the Sacre du Printemps Gallery, followed by representation in the First Independent Salon of Photography, orbited him into prominence among such distinguished names as Atget, Hoyningen-Huene, Nadar, Paul Outerbridge, Man Ray, and Berenice Abbott.

Almost at once, top-ranking French and German picture magazines commissioned Kertész for special assignments. His distinctive brand of reporting set the pattern for European photography of the period. In quick succession three handsome volumes of his photographs appeared: *Enfants, Nos Amies les Bêtes,* and *Paris Vu.* Welcoming the challenge of a new environment, in 1936 Kertész accepted a New York commercial studio's offer of a two-year contract.

When war prevented his return to France, Kertész remained here to become a permanent Manhattan resident. Professionally, he regards this half of his career with mixed feelings. There was no opportunity for what he wanted to do most and could do best—photo-

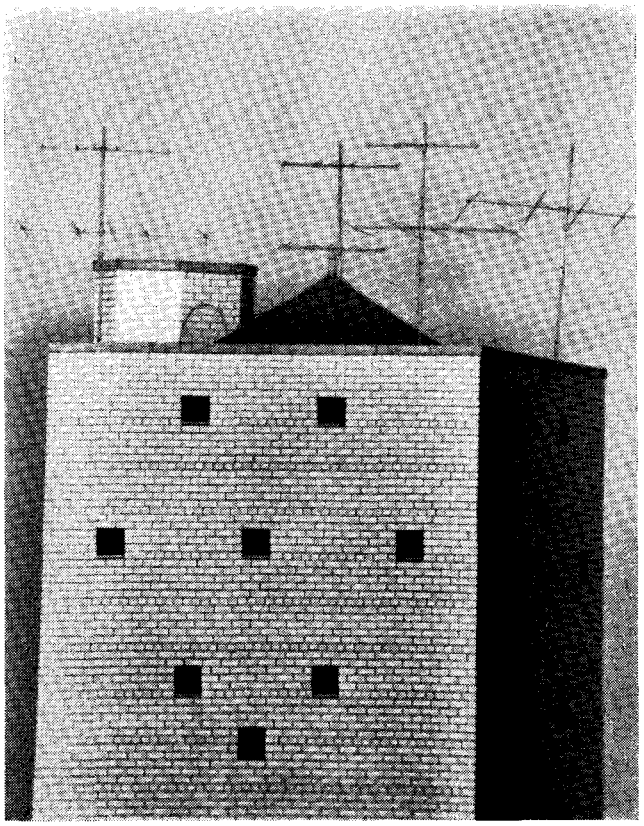
**Buda, Hungary, 1920**



**Paris, 1926**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**Water Tower, 1962**

journalism. Ironically enough, one of the inventors of the photo-reportage technique found himself spurned by editors who felt he "talked too much with his pictures."

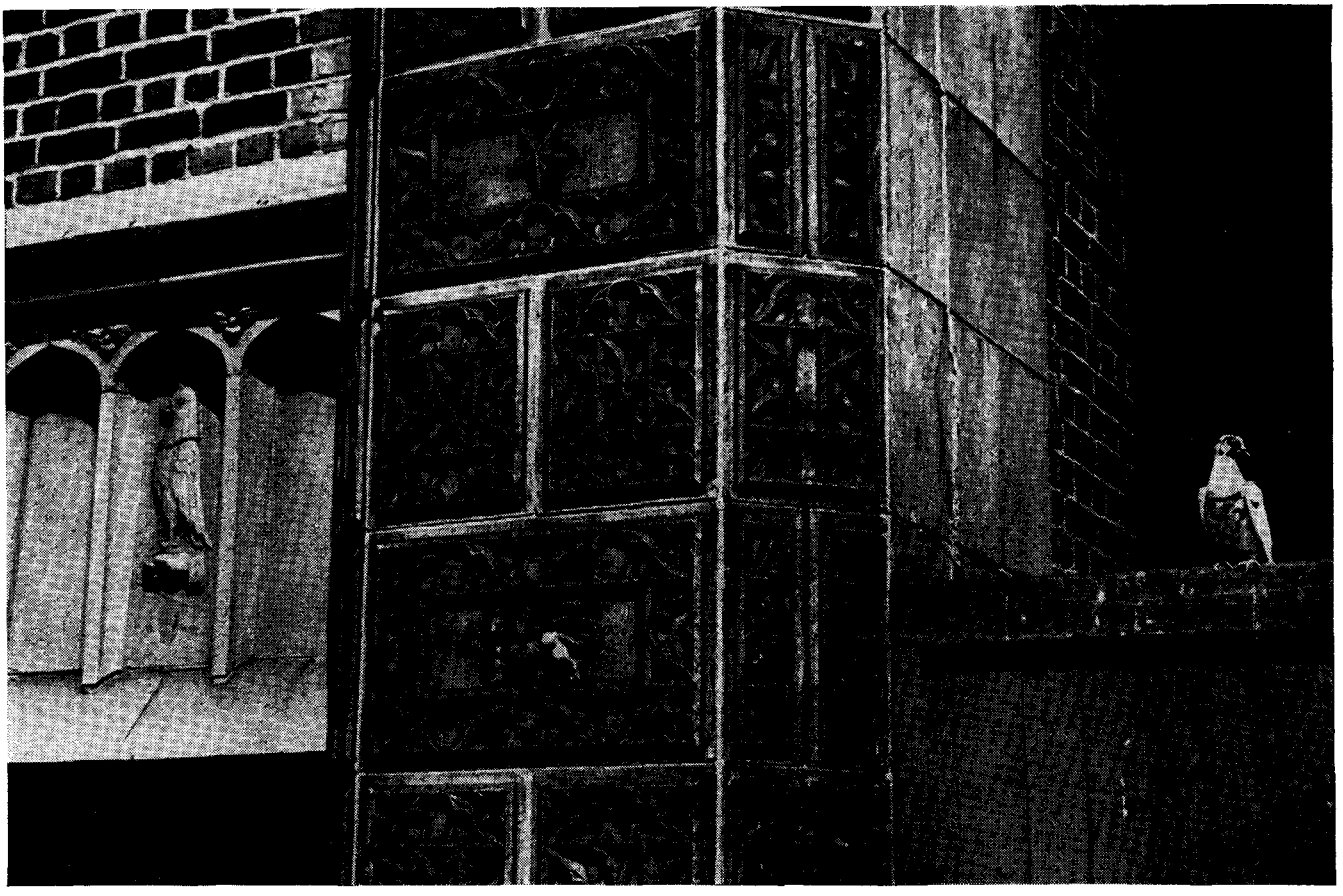
To be sure, he soon earned a reputation as the recorder of highly styled interiors and their equally chic occupants for *Harpers' Bazaar, Town and Country, Vogue,* and *House and Garden.* Lucrative though it may have been, the world of magazine illustration was stultifying to him. The correlation between material success and spiritual starvation seemed overwhelming.

Two years ago Kertész decided to terminate his affiliation with Condé Nast. He has returned to making pictures that "talk too much"—pictures that reveal warm responsiveness, candor, and wide-eyed fascination with the smallest frame of human life.

If critical acclaim is any index, the wisdom of his decision should go unquestioned. Last year he was awarded a gold medal at the Venice Biennale, and his exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris was enthusiastically reviewed.

That Kertész's choice was the proper one is perhaps best demonstrated in his most recent prints, many of which are included in the current Museum of Modern Art show. We agree with John Szarkowski: "In their economy and ease, in their abandonment to the uncomplicated pleasure of seeing, they are the work of a master."

**Tudor City, 1962**





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Varnay's Elektra—Notable *Nutcracker*

ASTRID VARNAY and Strauss's *Elektra* had a rousing reunion at a series of concert performances recently by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of William Steinberg. It is now eight years since Mme. Varnay last appeared at the Metropolitan as Kundry in *Parsifal*, and the happy news is that she is sounding a good deal better than she has in many a long night of Wagner singing hereabouts.

For those who were not operagoers as of December 1941, it may be retold that Astrid Varnay, aged twenty-three, made one of the most remarkable debuts in Metropolitan history. Her Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* was not merely her first venture on that stage, but was also the first time she had appeared in any operatic role anywhere. In the twenty-three years since, she has not merely doubled her age and multiplied her experience a thousandfold, but seemed, periodically, on the point of burdening her voice even beyond roughness and wobble. Thus the notable fact of 1964 is not that she performed a wholly absorbing dramatic performance of Elektra—she did that with the same Philharmonic as long ago as 1948—but that she sang the music about as well as it ever has been heard in New York since Gertrude Kappel introduced the role to the Metropolitan stage in the 1920s.

In her busy career, Miss Varnay has missed few of the heaviest roles that the exacting repertory of Wagner, Strauss, and Verdi have to offer, but she has come out of it now in better vocal health than she sometimes seemed to be a decade ago. Apparently, in the eight years since she was last heard in New York, Miss Varnay has put her always acute intelligence to the work of vocal rehabilitation that was vitally necessary. There is a degree of solidity and poise in her middle and upper register that makes them sturdy new resources for the artistic and dramatic impulses she has always possessed. Below a mezzo forte, as in some of the exchanges with Chrysothemis, Miss Varnay still has her problems, for the sound tends to be thick and without the pulsations that produce warmth. But in every other respect, and especially in the sustained power to finish out an hour and a half's effort with a thrust rather than a lunge at the final phrase, this was the achievement of a singing actress with few equals among contemporaries.

It was very well, for the good of this particular project, that Miss Varnay was capable of the superb effort she put forth, for it was otherwise not quite a supercharged *Elektra*. To be sure, there was an eruption of bravos and cheers at the end, but Strauss's time bomb has so long a delayed fuse—ninety-two or ninety-three minutes—that the release of tension, when it comes, is, in almost any circumstance, overpowering. But aside from the strong effort of Regina Resnik as Klytemnestra and the sound work of Walter Cassel as Orestes and, in slightly lesser degree, Phyllis Curtin as Chrysothemis and Arturo Sergi as Aegisthus, it was rather a halting pass at a massive target.

Much of this was the responsibility of Steinberg. With the entrance of Orestes and the swelling tide that rises from the recognition scene to the climax, he was helmsman as well as passenger. But in the shifting course of the hour or so of music that precedes, he gave little evidence of the assurance that one craves to hear in such an undertaking, concentrating much more attention on the printed page than on the performers of it. On the other hand, the orchestra showed itself capable of performing by the memory of the past if not by the example of the present.

IF the abilities of the late Dimitri Mitropoulos hovered in the mind during the Philharmonic's *Elektra*, there was almost an aching absence of them in the Metropolitan's first venture with *Simon Boccanegra* in four years. For it was the last new production he prepared for that stage before his death in Milan (barely more than six months after Leonard Warren, the Boccanegra of that production, collapsed and died during a performance of *Forza*).

This was, in all, a *Boccanegra* that was prime in only one respect—as an example of a creditable production gone to middle-aged seed. The kind of steady leadership provided by Fausto Cleva may also be termed static, and the kind of animation that Renata Tebaldi has supplied for some other lagging ventures in the past is no longer readily at her command. There were some beautifully formed phrases in her Amelia, but only where the line crested at G or below. Higher than that, the sound came only through a rude rather than a well-controlled, artfully cultivated physical effort. In his own terms, George Shirley did creditably in his first venture as Gabriele Adorno, but this hardly puts him in the Verdian category of such a predecessor as Richard Tucker, not to mention *his* predecessor, Giovanni Martinelli.

As Boccanegra, Anselmo Colzani is neither the vibrant dramatic figure nor the compelling vocal one to support the responsibility put upon the performer of Verdi's title role. He manages a solid order of accomplishment in the council chamber scene, but there was not the vocal finesse to give the effect the composer intended to Boccanegra's "figlia!" at the end of the preceding episode, or the personality to command the stage in the scene of his death. For another detail, Giorgio Tozzi's voice does not now get down to the bottom required of a proper Fiesco, and William Walker, as a replacement for Justino Díaz as Paolo, performed but a well-sounding walk-through of the role. Physically the Frederick Fox décor has its attractive aspects, and there are evidences still of Margaret Webster's shaping hand as director. But *Simon Boccanegra* is only partially spectacle, partially music drama, partially older-fashioned opera; it is mostly an incomplete product of Verdi's capacious mind, here rising to heights of musical characterization, there holding to an indecisive level of set pieces. It needs a degree of galvanizing that these participants did not provide.

As a house specialty, Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* has been delighting audiences of the New York City Ballet ever since George Balanchine had the happy idea of giving it a permanent place in the repertory ten or so years ago. Now that the Ballet has a new "house" to call its own (for the time being, at least), it is even more a specialty than ever, thanks to a new production by Rouben Ter-Arutunian (underwritten by Lincoln Center) that preserves the best of the old and adds some engaging touches of novelty as well. Now the Christmas tree that rises from the "soil" beneath the stage of the New York State Theater can rival the one in Rockefeller Center for size and excel it in dazzle.

However, there is much more to this *Nutcracker* than spectacle and production. It is, to begin with, a staggering project in logistics; with untold numbers of student dancers to supplement the efforts of such celebrities as Allegra Kent, Melissa Haydn, Patricia Neary and Patricia McBride, Jacques d'Amboise, André Prokovsky and Edward Villella, who alternate in principal roles. Roland Vazquez is a perfect *paterfamilias* as Dr. Silberhaus, and Penelope Gates is no less suitable a Frau Silberhaus. Were this not enough to keep the senses aquiver, the orchestra, well directed by Robert Irving, plays the beguiling score with love and care.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# New Year's Resolutions

TO THE New Year I dedicate ten art resolutions, all negative:

1. To read no further capsule criticisms of art shows, whether in monthly magazines or daily newspapers. These brief and often annihilating summaries result from overhasty looking by so-called critics who dash from gallery to gallery. Imagine a music critic judging a composition after listening for less than a minute. Presumably the time problem is not new to art criticism, for forty years ago Arthur Dove, in a now famous collage called *The Critic*, conceived his figure in newsprint and showed it swinging along on roller skates. Because of the current art gallery explosion, especially in Manhattan, the number of perilously pinched reviews is increasing. With unwarranted finality these four- and five-sentence sentences seem more closely geared to advertising revenue than to serious evaluations.

2. To look at no more portraits of John F. Kennedy. It was, I suppose, inevitable that our stabbing grief at the assassination of a vigorous young President should be echoed by innumerable artists. But the time has come to call a halt. A torrent of portraits, many deplorably inadequate, assail us at every turn. Because Kennedy is becoming an authentic American myth, artists are apt to latch on to his memory as much for its publicity value as for their own emotions about it. Amateurs and professionals alike are grinding out a profusion of works based on the tragedy of his death, but so far I have come upon no painting or sculpture that is worthy of the subject. Indeed, the exploitation of his image only seems to mock our loss and add to our composite guilt.

3. To give no more art lectures. Art is being talked to death. I do not deny that certain people are benefited by illuminating words on art, but the lecturer himself is apt to lose his delight in the subject as he shares his ideas too often. Looking at art is a form of discovery; talking repeatedly about this discovery can rob it of the indefinable magic that eludes words. As a rule, we write about a given idea only once, but on the lecture platform we are free to repeat ourselves in every American city. If verbal communication sometimes leads to discovery, through constant repetition it can also result in loss. Vision tarnishes as words become mechanical. Of all the respected professions, lecturing is for me the emptiest. An open mouth is its symbol; everything flowing out, nothing coming in.

**Arthur Dove's *The Critic*—through art on roller skates.**

4. To serve only on art juries where I serve alone. To select a good exhibition demands time, research, and organized planning, patently impossible for a jury that meets at most for a few days and, as a rule, is confronted by oceans of art. Eliminating the worst from vast numbers of entries is less difficult than selecting the best. Though all art juries are suspect, a single responsible juror, even if biased, is less apt to compromise than a group. The farce of several "specialists" nullifying each other's opinions in record-breaking time (not infrequently by means of electrical equipment), and at considerable expense to the exhibiting institution, is lamentable.

5. To question the validity of all prize awards. How can one choose the "best" picture in a group? Who is to make such a final decision, and might not the choice be reversed by the same eyes a year later? To select "the best painting" is curiously like selecting "the best child." In art and in life, all kinds of imponderables make oracular conclusions impossible. The whole tortuous history of taste bears witness to constantly shifting opinions. Prize-winning art of five years ago may look sadly dated today, but may, to be sure, come back into favor five years from now. Even as publicity gimmicks, prizes are misleading because attention is often riveted on only a few works, to the detriment of the over-all exhibition.

6. To avoid as many art openings as possible—for the obvious reasons.

7. To be suspicious of any artist advertised as the *first* to garnish his compositions with real stovepipe hats, cigarette ashes, Swiss cheese, or Shredded Wheat biscuits.

8. To skip all large international shows, where often only one work per artist is featured, sometimes only a handful of works per country. I am thinking of exhibitions like the Carnegie International and the Venice Biennale. Though certain visitors claim that these huge potpourris provide important information on the state of contemporary art, I find them dreary affairs, frequently indiscriminate, overlarge, fashionable, and, above all, tedious. As for the inev-





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itable prize money, gossip about this aspect of last summer's Biennale was enough to prove again how petty political intrigue can superficially dominate the world of art. Miles of paintings and sculpture sometimes tell us less than a small concentrated group carefully geared to a central idea. Certain museum officials claim that their responsibility ends with showing the public what is going on, but I question whether mere exposure is enough. It is not what is going on that we want to see; it is a thoughtful selection of what is going on.

9. To throw away unread the endless streams of press releases that ignore facts in favor of imaginary hyperboles. I realize that we need information about upcoming exhibitions and that the artist needs a legitimate audience, but the average public relations announcement about paintings and sculpture is virtually useless. Hysterical enthusiasm can scarcely substitute for hard facts. The danger of Madison Avenue's infiltrating the art scene has long been feared, and not without justification. That any but the most stable artists can withstand its pressure is doubtful. Modern publicity methods add shoddy gilt to the current art market where inexperience is mislabeled spontaneity and tired repetition is mistaken for maturity. These days any adjective-dropper can mimeograph a mess of words and ruthlessly invade our privacy. Truth is forgotten along with moderation.

10. To resign myself to seeing less and less. Even at the risk of missing history-making exhibitions, one must recognize that eyes and spirit can take only so much. For those of us who live in New York, the fare is too rich. New museums, enlarged museums, new commercial galleries face us at every turn, to say nothing of exhibitions in schools, public buildings, libraries, and theaters. Sometimes it is the modest, least promoted show (the sleeper, as it were) that means the most—provided the visitor allows himself time to linger. I recommend starting out with no list of galleries to check off. Wasting time by drifting, even loitering, often leads to unexpected discoveries and occasional delights that are the *raison d'êtres* of art. In our determined cultural scramble to see all, we see nothing, or at best a kaleidoscope of undigested wares. Those works of art that are lived with casually as the viewer pursues his daily life are, as a rule, the most rewarding. Overconscientious cerebration submerges intuition, and for the enjoyment of art intuition is mandatory. This is not to scorn scholarship but to warn against the damage that a joyless, dutiful pursuit of esthetics can exert on the fragile, elusive, incomparably enriching segment of human invention we call art.

—Katharine Kuh.

## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### Matched Pairs

THE current APA (Association of Producing Artists) presentation of Shaw's *Man and Superman* at the Phoenix Theatre is entertaining enough to delight those who would have preferred something more frivolous, and yet succeeds in wedding the play's gay impudences to the philosophical relevancies Shaw keeps flashing at us from behind the potted palms.

The company achieves this success by application of an extraordinary dedication, a steadily improving skill in speech, and the other dramatic tools that can and should be continually sharpened by professional actors who wish to perform plays that take place in other countries and in other times. And somehow its inclusion of what Shaw himself called a "totally extraneous act" (the sequence in which the play's hero dreams that he is Don Juan in Hell) seems essential to an understanding of the eternal natural forces that are driving the play's two young ladies to their hard-boiled conquests. It is Woman's purpose to bear the supermen of the future. And, in the play's Jack Tanner, Shaw shows us the nearest thing to the real Superman, a man who "will snap his superfingers at all man's present trumpery ideals of right, duty, honor, justice, religion, even decency, and accept moral obligations beyond present human endurance."

Under Stephen Porter's measured direction the cast exhibits a uniformity of style nicely suited to their tipped-tray stage. Ellis Rabb portrays Tanner as a young Shaw caring passionately about ideas and seeing people as instruments of civilization's evolution. As the principal instrument, Nancy Marchand is amusingly smug. But finest of all is Rosemary Harris as Violet. Her talent and sureness could inspire her co-workers to become a supercompany. Meanwhile, they are a shining example of what intelligence and work can achieve, and *Man and Superman* is a startling demonstration of how a play can look 1903 but sound 1964.

At the Writer's Stage on East Fourth Street, *The New Pinter Plays* provides another sample of this young British playwright's unusual talent. *The Room* beautifully captures the stagnation of a blunted marriage. The husband eats silently and goes off to drive his van, while the wife chatters on about her comfort in their dingy, damp room, which is, at least, not as bad as living in the cellar of their tenement. She is visited by a young couple hoping to rent rooms in the house and complaining about the dark hallways, and then by an elderly blind tramp who lives in the cellar but who vaguely represents whatever hopes for a better life she may have had before her marriage.

Under Word Baker's intelligent direction, there are solid performances by Frances Sternhagen as the make-do wife, Clarence Felder as the coarsely insensitive husband, Margaret Linn as a mousily genteel visitor, and Robertearl Jones as the agonized old man. And Ed Wittstein's setting poetically supports the play's dank mood.

*A Slight Ache* moves up a couple of classes to the village home of a prosperous middle-aged writer and his apparently comfortable wife. She is loving and warm, but he, no longer finding her sexually attractive, has become an irritable partner. This irritation manifests itself in a mysterious old match-seller who irrationally has been standing with his tray of matches outside their gate for several weeks. When invited in for questioning, the match-seller remains silent as the husband keeps pouring out attempted conversation that leads him in a circular path to babbling breakdown. But the frustrated wife adopts him as the object of her desire.

Henderson Forsythe is superbly sterile as the husband, and Frances Sternhagen emanates a rich sexuality within her cautious advances to the play's bedraggled catalyst. Each of these plays has a wondrous totality of its own. And each is continuing evidence of Mr. Pinter's ability to make rich theater out of the cruelty and frustration that lurk dangerously close to our well-ordered existences.

—Henry Hewes.


THE BARRYMORES

The fabulous chronicle of the American theater's Royal Family

by Hollis Alpert

The full story, from first act to last, of the family that dazzled three generations of Americans—with drama that made theatrical history . . . and private lives that made spectacular drama. With 32 pages of photographs. $6.95 at all bookstores ($7.95 after January 1, 1965)

THE DIAL PRESS New York 17, N.Y.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Search for Values

*Continued from page* 19

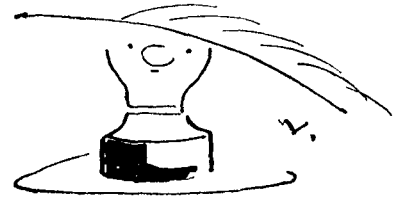
ley's statement, ". . . form is meaning. The degree to which an idea gets expressed in an art—and not merely mentioned—depends on the artistic skill of the writer, his ability to create forms"—a truth that American film critics have too often ignored. We now know that if a director deals with the bomb, supposedly a subject so real it could not be falsified, he does not necessarily make a film infused with a sense of reality. And the new criticism has shown that a socially conscious film need not come so advertised; an example is Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night.*

The French critics have suggested these new critical assumptions by emphasizing the primacy of formal criticism. They have emphasized the physical qualities of the film, concentrating on the images themselves rather than the situation these images may be meant to depict. So Richard Roud faults Fereydoun Hoveyda for concentrating too exclusively on the images rather than the story in his *Cahiers* review of Nicholas Ray's *Party Girl.* Roud also chides an unnamed *Cahiers* critic for considering a film as "the placing of the actors and the objects, their movements within the frame." But it is only by this sort of formal analysis that the critic approaches the meaning of a film. Andrew Sarris's brief description of the characteristic camera movements in Gerd Oswald's films tells us more about their meaning than any other kind of description would: "A fluency of camera movement is controlled by sliding turns and harsh stops befitting a cinema of bitter ambiguity."

On the other hand, critics like Pauline Kael do not feel the necessity to analyze a film in cinematic terms. They consistently discuss film with principles and concepts borrowed from literary criticism. Thus Miss Kael denigrates the importance of specifically cinematic technique. She fails to perceive that the content of a film derives from its technique. Equating technique with the simple competence of the hack who is therefore able to handle any assignment, she cites Antonioni as a director whose greatness has nothing to do with technical competence; yet Antonioni is greater than other directors with similar themes (such as Robert Frank in *O.K., End Here*) precisely because he is such a consummate technician. Only by such mastery of technique can every detail be unified into a coherent art form.

Miss Kael is right in suggesting that technique can be confused with the superficial knowledge of a hack, but wrong in perpetuating this confusion by limiting the concept of technique to a hack's knowledge. Technique is not merely a superficial knowledge of how things are done but a control of the medium which can only be applied creatively. She herself admits as much later in the same article when she says: "A film critic need not be a theoretician, but it is necessary that he know how to use words." A principle she accepts when applied to writing, she rejects when it is applied to film.

The *Cahiers* critics have also deemphasized the importance of normative criticism, *i.e.*, criticism primarily concerned with making value judgments. Both *Cahiers* and the British magazine *Movie* give a film for review to the critic who likes it most, believing that critic will give the most valuable description of it. Thus they uphold the concept of criticism expressed in these words of the philosopher Eugene Kaelin: "The critic's task is not primarily a normative one—to compare and to judge; but a descriptive one—to point out the unique structures of expressive works of art," so that "the reader . . . is not presented with the meaning of the work or a statement of its worth: he is put into a position to assume the pose which will allow the work to communicate with him. . . ."




GIVE

*Saturday Review*

FOR CHRISTMAS

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

One 1 year subscription (your own or gift) **$8**

Each additional 1 year subscription **$6**

Above rates apply to U.S. and Canada only. Elsewhere add $2 per subscription. Rates include our sending to each recipient a special gift announcement card, designed and engraved by Tiffany's, and signed in your name.

*Saturday Review* 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

GIFT CARD SIGNED

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

GIFT CARD SIGNED

SENT BY

ADDRESS

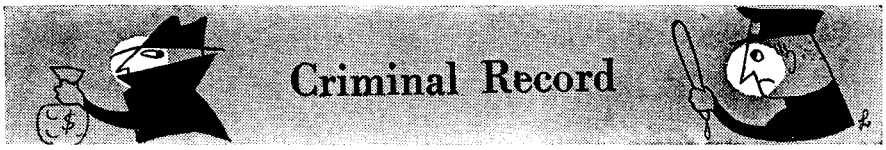
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Include my own subscription ☐ New ☐ Renewal

I enclose $____ ☐ Bill me later




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




***Gideon's Lot.*** *By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Half a dozen baffling problems, two of them American exports, give the big Britisher a rough time. Let us hope the Commander is never put out to pasture.

***Murder Can't Wait.*** *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. Lieut. Shapiro of Manhattan's finest and Capt. Heimrich of N.Y. state cops join hands to run down killer of former athletic star. In the groove.

***The Scorpio Letters.*** *By Victor Canning. Sloane.* $3.95. English lad and lass pool talents to break up blackmail ring; perilous pursuit takes in France, Switzerland. Should be a corker in Hollywood.

***The Shape of Fear.*** *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. This full-statured job is a literate, heads-up handling of the heroin theme (to finance war to subdue Algeria). Action is largely in swank Manhattan hotel.

***The City of Kites.*** *By Theo Callas. Walker.* $3.50. Scottish doctor, headed for Vienna seminar, runs into difficulties, largely Russian-made. This is a tale of authentic drive and substance.

***No Evil Angel.*** *By Elizabeth Linington. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Quartet of cases gives Los Angeles cops hot time in hot weather; distaff branch active. Excellent suspense number, with sound detection, fine humorous touches.

***Warmaster.*** *By Philip McCutchan. John Day.* $3.95. Discovery of nude female body on floating dock in North Sea puts Commander Shaw of British secret service on trail that leads to Washington, New York, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Falkland Islands. Introducing an English writer who has built up a strong following at home.

***Pandora's Last Voyage.*** *By Geoffrey Rawson. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3.95. *Pandora* was sent to the Pacific in 1791 to bring the *Bounty*'s crew back to Britain, and this fine fact chronicle tells the full story (which is a wild one).

***Espionage and Counterespionage.*** *By Arch Whitehouse. Doubleday.* $4.95. These "adventures in military intelligence" range from Caesar's invasion of Britain through the Second World War. Many yarns are old hat, but this is inevitable in a comprehensive collection.

***Day of the Guns.*** *By Mickey Spillane. Dutton.* $3.50. Introducing Tiger Mann, counterespionage agent extraordinary (he sleeps gat in hand), who seeks to plug U.N. security leak through bath of bashed brains. Sound and fury.

***The Case of the Horrified Heirs.*** *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Attempt to poison well-heeled California widow gives Perry Mason anxious moments; Lieut. Tragg plays ball nicely; Ham Burger lets his junior do the dirty work. Tried and true.

***Clues for Dr. Coffee.*** *By Lawrence G. Blochman. Lippincott.* $3.95. Midwest pathologist is the sleuth in these previously serialized (1952-1964) tales, which constitute a second "casebook" (first was published in 1950). Don't miss introduction by Dr. Milton Helpern, NYC chief medical examiner. Choice one-man show.

***Dover One.*** *By Joyce Porter. Scribners.* $3.50. Disappearance of 200-pound English domestic takes unappetizing Chief Inspector Dover, CID, to semirural area. An exercise in spoofery which some readers may find overdone.

***The Guardians.*** *By Steve Brackeen. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Politics get real rough in Mississippi Valley state (author is Tennesseean) and governor's good right-hand man, Jim Practice, has chore sorting dead. Smoothly and nicely handled.

***The Malabang Pearl.*** *By Frank Archer. Crime Club.* $3.50. Brother seeking sister employed by San Francisco escort bureau (both were born in Philippines) runs into heavy (and noisy) trouble; fabulous pink gem at issue. A blend of the chatty and the unchatty.

***Call After Midnight.*** *By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House.* $3.95. NY railroad exec phones divorced first wife to announce that new spouse has just had "an accident with a gun"; cops a bit brusque at outset but soften later. Has the pro touch. —SERGEANT CUFF.

*"In my opinion, China is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Just published —

# DOUBLE CROSTICS

## Series 53

### by Doris Nash Wortman

JUST PUBLISHED in time for starting off the New Year—a new collection of Double Crostics by Doris Nash Wortman. It's Series 53. In it: 50 brand-new, never-before-in-print puzzles for solving while snowbound or south-bound, while thawing after schussing or sledding, while cooling after baking on a tropical beach.

DC's are great on planes and trains and they soothe stay-at-homes. The coupon below will bring your copy or gift copies to your door. Fill it out and slip it in the mail today.

*Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil, and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished.*

*To your bookseller, or*

SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

*Send me ..... copies of Double-Crostics #53. Price $1.95 each.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

*(New York City residents, add 4% city sales tax)*




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Stranger in Paradox

***The Night of the Giraffe and Other Stories,*** *by Alfred Andersch, translated by Christa Armstrong (Pantheon. 179 pp. $3.95), count heavily on paradox and the exotic to make their point. Emile Capouya is an essayist and literary critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

ALFRED ANDERSCH has to a high degree the indefinable authority that in an actor we call stage presence. The opening lines of the short stories in this collection generally persuade us that we are in the hands of a master, and the only question seems to be, what is his ultimate stature. However, he usually succeeds in dissipating that impression by the time his story comes to an end. His other gifts, fluency and a damnable ingenuity, cheapen the work and cheat the reader.

The title story is set in Paris during the Algerian troubles, and it concerns a young Frenchman who has come upon evidence that implicates members of the government in OAS activity – anti-Algerian, anti-government, and anti-Gaullist. He finds that no responsible journal will publish his information, out of fear of retaliation and also because of the likelihood that the revelations will embarrass de Gaulle more than they will help him. Disillusioned, he decides to retire to the country and renounce all concern for the fate of the world. But during the day, while he has been going from place to place in an attempt to find help or at least sympathy for his plan to publish the names of the traitorous officials, an Algerian—presumably suborned—has been waiting at his house-door to kill him. The narrative shifts back and forth between the protagonist and the assassin, until they meet, and the murder is accomplished. The hero's being killed by, of all people, an Algerian is typical of the level of irony that Mr. Andersch's stories achieve, and I need not draw you a picture because he very obligingly does so himself.

Mr. Andersch is a German editor, novelist, and playwright. Two of his novels, *Flight to Afar* and *The Redhead,* have been published in this country, and I regret not having read them, for my feeling is that the short-story form itself—with its demand for a strong impression achieved with the slenderest means—is what tempts him to indulge in paradox, sensation, and gratuitous exoticism.

In the story "Russian Roulette" treasures of ingenuity are expended in an effort to make banal the question, to be or not to be. A young accountant feels spiritually empty. He meets a Pakistani businessman and mystic, Gafur, and his wife, Messua. The lady makes Eastern love to the young man; Gafur presents him with a specific for his spiritual disease—a revolver, one of whose six chambers is loaded. Spin the chamber and see. But the drug loses its efficacy, and a nice German girl expresses her contempt for drug-takers. (She would be contemptuous, on the same ground, of the story she is made to figure in.) As you see, it is a rather important matter that Mr. Andersch sets out to minimize with his Baghdad-on-the-North-Sea mystifications.

On the whole, Mr. Andersch's manner is so commanding that when his preoccupations turn out to be trivial the reader feels real disappointment. There are ten stories in this collection, nearly all of which awaken resentment in this way. An exception is "Diana with Flute-Player," which is about an old, aristocratic lady who lives in an isolated part of Friesland, and harbors for a season an English airman forced down upon that barren coast. An excellent story—and one to which Miss Christa Armstrong's translation does justice.

# Home Was a House Full of Women

***If Morning Ever Comes,*** *by Anne Tyler (Knopf. 266 pp. $4.95), follows the turns and twists of a square peg who tries to fit himself again into the family circle. Julian Gloag wrote the novel "Our Mother's House."*

By JULIAN GLOAG

ONE OF the better things about *If Morning Ever Comes* is its title. It accurately suggests the unpretentious, mildly questioning quality, and the tentative little moral of Anne Tyler's first novel.

Ben Joe Hawkes, at the start of the story, returns for a visit to his family in North Carolina. He is twenty-five, a narrow-eyed, mildly misfitting law student at Columbia. He goes home for the ostensible reason that his oldest sister, Joanne, has, after seven years away, left her husband and come back, with baby, to the fold. In fact, he is pulled back by an obscure sense of worry about the family and himself. The rest of the novel, all told from Ben Joe's point of view, is concerned with clearing up this obscurity.

THE family consists of six sisters, an aloof and hardly perceptible mother, and an eccentric, slightly bossy, and pitiable Gram. Father, a doctor, died some years back from a heart attack in the house of his mistress, so that Ben Joe is the—for want of a better word—man of the house. Underneath the cosy femininity and family backchat there lurks a mildly colorful "past": father's death, his mistress, Ben Joe frittering the family resources on aimless train riding, Joanne's flightiness—she once ran off to get married to a plastic raincoat salesman on three minutes' acquaintance. But Miss Tyler keeps the color a steady gray.

Towards the beginning Ben Joe refers to himself as "having no character." He feels "reversible." However he turns or twists, his home town and his family

**Anne Tyler—"a steady gray."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his own lack of identity will always be the same. But near the end he has come round to the view that: "Sometimes it's not the same place when a person goes back to it, or not the same . . . person." "Won't have to change," says the conductor on the train carrying Ben Joe back to New York, accompanied by the girl he has decided to marry (without much motivation, except that she is the motherly type). Won't *have to* change—but it's possible. Morning may come. Maybe.

The trouble with this competently put-together book is that the hero is hardly better defined at the end than he is at the beginning. Writing about a dull and totally humorless character, Miss Tyler has inevitably produced a totally humorless and mainly dull novel. That it isn't entirely dull is a tribute to Miss Tyler's restrained, unshowy style, a very pleasing niceness of observation (although an absolutely feminine one; what mind Ben Joe has is only vestigially masculine), and an excellent but unobtrusive use of symbols. Anne Tyler is only twenty-two, and in the light of this her knowledge of what she is doing, her avoidance of obvious pitfalls, and her refusal to take risks are a bit puzzling. I'd like to see what she could do if she stopped narrowing her own eyes and let herself go. It might be very good.

# You, Too, Can Be a Spy

***The New Meaning of Treason,*** *by Rebecca West (Viking. 374 pp. $6.95), indicts the official incompetence and complacency that have nurtured a dire peril, to which the public has been all too indifferent. In "Enemies of the State" Francis X. Busch wrote about a variety of traitors.*

By FRANCIS X. BUSCH

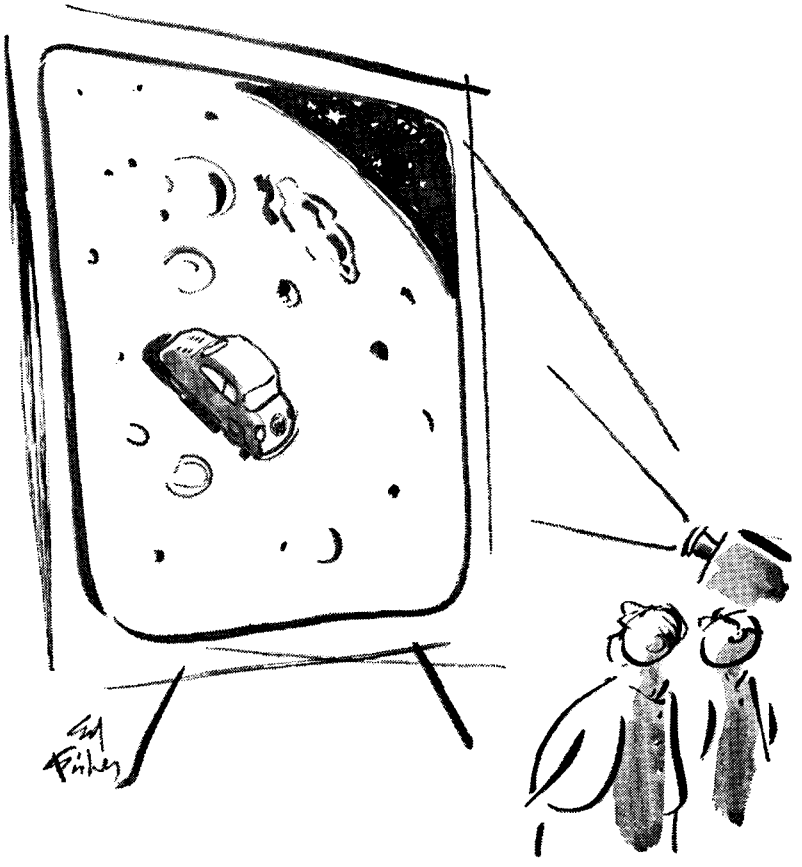
TALES of spies and traitors have a perennial interest. Homer sang of them to the few within the sound of his voice, while today hardbounds and paperbacks carry accounts of their deeds to undetermined millions.

*The New Meaning of Treason,* by Rebecca West, is a tale of spies and traitors, replete with plots as bizarre as those of Edgar Wallace and situations as complicated as those into which Conan Doyle injected Sherlock Holmes. But with this difference: the tales of which Dame Rebecca writes are true; not only true, but frightening, because the spies intent on our destruction are all about us, and a traitor may be our next-door neighbor.

The book begins with the trial for treason of William Joyce, who broadcast as Lord Haw-Haw during the Second World War; carries on through the espionage, defections, and treacheries of John Amery, Alan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, the "Portland Spy Ring," and Colonel Abel; is interspersed with a dozen or more of the "lesser breeds," and concludes with the sordid, amoral story that shook the British political structure to its very foundations—the scandalous involvement of Britain's Minister of War, the Right Honourable John Profumo, in the pimping and prostitution activities of Stephen Ward and Christine Keeler.

TO paraphrase Dame Rebecca's explanation of the *new* meaning of treason: Universal disarmament is still a Utopian dream. With the population steadily increasing, and a new and larger crop of scientists and industrialists producing more and more intricate and terrible weapons, documents are proliferating to such an extent that ever-larger armies of men and women must be recruited to work on them and protect them. Curious governments will hire a growing number of enemy agents to obtain access to this material. More traitors will be found to aid them. And a continuingly greater number of security agents will have to be employed to police the entire process and those concerned in it. No longer are spies and traitors selfless idealists. All sorts and conditions of men and women can and do become employees in the sensitive defense areas of government, and find their way into the security services where material classified as secret is kept. Spies and traitors can be and are recruited from the depths and shallows. Espionage and treachery have become "big business." It is for these reasons, writes Dame Rebecca, that today "little, mousy, obscure men" can come out of nowhere, and, unless promptly apprehended, wreak irreparable havoc.

For this, adds Dame Rebecca, there is no immediate or perfect remedy, but there is much that can be done about it. An awareness of the menace must



*"There! Didn't I tell you Ranger 7 would be able to photograph an object the size of a Volkswagen?"*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

replace public apathy. Mawkish sentimentality must go.

> Treachery [she says] is a problem we will have to live with for a long time, and the nearest we can come to a solution is to recognize the problem for what it is. . . . We should abandon all sentimentality in our views of the traitor, and recognize him as a thief and a liar. . . . No court and neither House of Parliament should ever bother to inquire whether a traitor or spy be moved by an ideological consideration or is instigated by a desire for gain or has been obstinate in his ill-doing. . . . Once a traitor comes before a court or under the notice of Parliament all that should interest the lawyers or the ministers concerned is whether he has been exercising his profession or not and who has been helping him. If inquiry is made into his politics and his morality much will be said, probably untrue, which will divert the attention of the community from the real threat offered by the new traitor.

*The New Meaning of Treason* is more, much more, than an exciting tale of cops and robbers. It is a meticulously accurate account of some of the most astounding and disturbing events in this disturbed age. It is a penetrating analysis of the men and the means by which these events were brought about. It is a detailed impeachment of the insecurity that permitted them to occur. It is a scathing indictment of a public indifferent to a danger which at the least threatens individual freedom. It is a clarion call for vigilance to see that spies and traitors, as enemies of the state, are promptly apprehended, and when apprehended that adequate punishment, under law, is meted out to them.

*The New Meaning of Treason* is a model of brilliant and effective writing. Long ago *Time* magazine said of Rebecca West that she was "indisputably the world's No. 1 woman writer." Her latest book has done nothing to modify that encomium.

The final paragraph of *The New Meaning of Treason* is an indignant and bitter protest against the official incompetence and complacency that have existed in the presence of a dire peril. "The story told in these pages," the author concludes, "shows that we would have been spared a great deal of trouble if we had simply kept our cupboards locked and had removed from our public service officials who were habitually blind drunk." Which is but another way of saying what Thomas Jefferson said to America at the birth of our republic more than a hundred and fifty years ago: "Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty."

**After Goldwater, What?:** Robert J. Donovan, enterprising Washington bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times* and former head of the *New York Herald Tribune*'s Washington bureau, started writing on November 3 a series of post-election articles. After syndication throughout the country, they were rewritten for a book audience, and now appear as *The Future of the Republican Party* (NAL-World, hardbound, $3.95; paperback, 60¢). Donovan feels that the Republicans have "missed too many opportunities, have had too much bad luck, and have spent too much time fighting among themselves and too little time thinking about the problems of the twentieth century to return to power so soon [by 1968]." He argues that the Democrats have crowded the Republicans off the main political positions and that it will take the minority party some time to recover new issue positions attractive to the independent voter, the Negro especially, whom Senator Goldwater so thoroughly snubbed in 1964. The author says that the heavy defeat suffered last November was due in no small measure to "the split personality that has afflicted the party for many years." He believes this schizophrenia is a disease of the Republican mind that nothing seems able to purge, neither a defeat as profound as Goldwater's in 1964 nor victories like Eisenhower's in 1952 and 1956. He quotes a cogent editorial in the *Baltimore Sun*: "In this election the Republican Party managed only to set temporary foot upon the shifting racist sands of the South, a triumph neither for Republicanism nor Conservatism. As a base of power, puny at best, it is destined to wither and die."

Donovan states, however, that President Johnson, with all his political skill, will have a most difficult time holding together the unusual coalition that supported his landslide victory. Disaffected elements of this uneasy coalition will, says Donovan, be fair game for the Republicans. But if the extreme Right now in control of the Republican Party continues to believe that the 26,000,000 votes for Goldwater were a truly conservative protest against the last fifty years of U.S. political history, then the Goldwater folly (whose dimensions can be grasped only in the fullness of time) has been a fatal blow to the Republican Party. Donovan never says it outright, but one gets the idea from time to time in this small but highly useful political analysis that a completely new realignment of U.S. political parties, with Northern reactionaries combining with Southern racists on one side and the Democrats pulling out of all power of the deep South on the other, is not only possible but even likely. It happened when the Whigs died after 1856, and it can happen again unless the extremists-racists of the central committees are replaced by Republican moderates.

—Richard L. Tobin.

# Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

## WORDS AND MUSIC

Ralph H. Moore of Marysville, Ohio, presents the group of seemingly ordinary English words below which are also musical terms. You are requested to match each one to its musical equivalent in Column Two. Harmony reigns on page 56.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | battery | ( ) | binary notation |
| 2. | comma | ( ) | bouncing bow |
| 3. | hay | ( ) | broken octave base |
| 4. | imperfect | ( ) | dance of seventeenth century |
| 5. | kit | ( ) | drum section |
| 6. | murky | ( ) | interval of a fourth |
| 7. | partition | ( ) | interval out of tune |
| 8. | prick song | ( ) | medieval sequence |
| 9. | prose | ( ) | musical score |
| 10. | quart | ( ) | pitch difference |
| 11. | rank | ( ) | printed music |
| 12. | rant | ( ) | reinforcing strings |
| 13. | ricochet | ( ) | sailor song |
| 14. | shake | ( ) | scale passage |
| 15. | shanty | ( ) | set of organ pipes |
| 16. | sympathetic | ( ) | shepherd's dance |
| 17. | tirade | ( ) | small fiddle |
| 18. | wolf | ( ) | trill |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

**The year 1964** was a lavish one for paperback publishing. Experiments were made in bookmaking: new formats appeared, books became bigger and heavier, with more illustrations and sturdier bindings. Here *Saturday Review* recalls forty-six titles published in the past twelve months which offer a glimpse at the diversity of books currently available. —Rollene W. Saal.

## USA

The Thomas Jefferson Papers. Edited by Frank Donovan. Apollo. $1.95. Comments, judiciously selected, on various subjects, including statecraft, grandchildren, the essentials of liberty.

Why We Can't Wait. By Martin Luther King. Signet. 60¢. An outspoken, lucid, imperative statement on the urgency of the civil rights movement.

The American High School Today. By James B. Conant. Signet. 60¢. Informed and specific recommendations on ways to improve education in this country.

The Warren Commission Report on the Assassination of John F. Kennedy. Bantam. $1. Popular Library. 75¢. The year's single most timely volume.

An American Dilemma. By Gunnar Myrdal. McGraw-Hill. $6.90. 2 vols. The most exhaustive study of Negroes in the U.S., published first in 1942 and updated by Arnold Rose in the light of recent events.

Culture for the Millions. Edited by Norman Jacobs. Beacon. $1.25. A symposium in which Hannah Arendt, Randall Jarrell, and Oscar Handlin, among others, discuss with stylish good humor the fate of national taste.

The Adams Papers. Edited by L. H. Butterfield. Atheneum. 4 vols. $2.65 each. $9.95 boxed set. Merely the beginning of a projected 100-volume set, this quartet offers remarkable scholarship and enticing glimpses into one period of the American past.

The Anatomy of Liberty. By William O. Douglas. Pocket Books. 75¢. Quietly stated but eloquent plea by the Supreme Court Justice for the sovereignty of international law.

## The Literary Scene

My Brother Bill. By John Faulkner. Pocket Books. 50¢. Minor sidelights on a major writer, crammed with details casual and tantalizing, such as William Faulkner's fondness for horses, red station wagons, and for his own grandchildren.

Chekhov. By Ernest J. Simmons. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $2.95. The brief (only forty-four years), impetuous career of Russia's foremost dramatist compellingly and sympathetically delineated.

Left Hand, Right Hand! By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $2.25. An extravagant recollection of the Sitwell family, always amusing, urbane, and egocentric.

Dorothy and Red. By Vincent Sheean. Crest. 75¢. Two complex people and their uncommon marriage, silhouetted against a hectic era.

Portrait of Andre Gide. By Justin O'Brien. McGraw-Hill. $2.95. A distinguished scholar's account, both personal and literary, of one of France's significant twentieth-century figures.

More in Sorrow. By Wolcott Gibbs. Sentry. $1.95. Essays, mostly about such bookish folk as that "New Jersey Nero" Alexander Woollcott who touched upon the author's glittering domain.

Images of Truth. By Glenway Wescott. Harper Colophon. $1.75. Some of the world's outstanding literati—Somerset Maugham, Colette, Isak Dinesen, among others—charmingly and intimately recalled.

## Art

American Architecture and Other Writings. By Montgomery Schuyler. Atheneum. $2.45. From the gewgaws to the grandeur of U.S. buildings, as a reflection of national esthetics.

History of Modern Sculpture. By Sir Herbert Read. Praeger. $3.95. A lavish survey of twentieth-century sculpture, richly explored in both text and illustrations.

Abstract Painting. By Michel Seuphor. Dell. 95¢. An illuminating, well-illustrated, guide through the labyrinthine ways of contemporary art.

Frank Lloyd Wright. Le Corbusier. Mies van der Rohe. By Peter Blake. Pelican. $1.25 each. These books, from the author's larger *The Master Builders*, present a balanced evaluation of the most significant architecture of our times.

Greek Art. By John Boardman. Praeger. $3.95. A vivid re-creation of the glories that were Hellenic—in sculpture and painting, pottery and temples, all brilliantly and colorfully portrayed.

## Music

The Great Operas of Mozart. By Nathan Broder. Norton. $1.95. Essays on the composer and five of his operas, with librettos in both the original language and fine English translations.

The New College Encyclopedia of Music. By J. A. Westrup and F. Ll. Harrison. Norton. $2.45. A massive handbook to all things musical from A (the sixth note of the scale) to Z (*Zwölftonsystem*—the twelve-tone system).

Improvising Jazz. By Jerry Coker. Spectrum. $1.95. For jazz buffs who know enough about the straight line to appreciate a study of flights and fancies.

Men, Women and Pianos. By Arthur Loesser. Essandess. $2.75. The social history of the piano, how it developed, who played it, who composed for it, and finally who listened.

Beethoven the Creator. By Romain Rolland. Dover. $2. The classic Beethoven study, this focuses on those surging years of creativity between 1803 and 1806 when the *Eroica*, the *Appasionata* and *Fidelio* came into being.

Of Music and Music-Making. By Bruno Walter. Norton. $1.65. An insider's view of the travails and rewards of conducting a symphony orchestra.


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Theater

THE PLAYS OF T. S. ELIOT. Harvest. A selection of poetic dramas: *Murder in the Cathedral,* $1.25; *The Cocktail Party,* $1.65; *The Family Reunion,* $1.45.

THE NEW THEATER OF EUROPE. Edited by Robert W. Corrigan. Delta. $2.25. The second in a lively collection of Continental drama, this one includes Brecht's *Mother Courage.*

BLUES FOR MISTER CHARLIE. By James Baldwin. Dell. 60¢. A tough, angry, and sometimes touching play about the murder of a young Negro in the South.

THE KNACK AND THE SPORT OF MY MAD MOTHER. By Ann Jellicoe. Delta. $1.75. This year's new madcap play, highly original and altogether zany, by a precocious young Englishwoman.

THE THREEPENNY OPERA. By Bertolt Brecht. Evergreen. 95¢. English book by Desmond Vesey; lyrics by Eric Bentley. All about Mackie the Knife and sweet Polly Peachum in London's Soho.

## Fiction

MEN AT WAR. By Evelyn Waugh. *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen.* Dell. 75¢. *The End of the Battle.* Delta. $1.75. Guy Crouchback, the hero of this World War II trilogy, learns that personal salvation is even more worthy than the king's honor.

THREE BY FLANNERY O'CONNOR. Signet. 95¢. *Wise Blood, A Good Man Is Hard to Find, The Violent Bear It Away,* short works by the gifted Southern writer who died this year.

THE HOUSEBREAKER OF SHADY HILL. By John Cheever. Macfadden. 50¢. Stories, usually sad and suburban, by a master of brevity.

END OF THE ROAD. By John Barth. Avon. 50¢. The way we live now, at least on the fringes of academe, where this nonheroic hero flourishes.

CATCH-22. By Joseph Heller. Delta. $1.95. That wildly dazzling tale of wartime exploits this side of the battle.

UNDER THE NET. By Iris Murdoch. Compass. $1.45. Ironic look at Londoners working at the business of love.

ZORBA THE GREEK. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Ballantine. 75¢. The sunny isle of Crete as setting for an ageless and irrepressible hero.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET. By Anthony Trollope. Norton. $1.95. Nineteenth-century parish life recorded with wisdom, gentility, and wit.

THE LAST OF THE WINE. By Mary Renault. Pocket Books. 75¢. A highborn young Athenian makes his way through the last days of the Peloponnesian Wars; the writer makes it all seem to have happened only yesterday.

PARADE'S END. By Ford Madox Ford. Signet. The four-part novel presented in two volumes: *Some Do Not . . .* and *No More Parades* (95¢); *A Man Could Stand Up* and *Last Post* (75¢). The remarkable Christopher Tietjens, "the last English Tory," stars in this saga about an era that terminated with World War I.

TWO BY MURIEL SPARK. Delta. $1.95. The duet is *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* and *The Bachelors,* both droll, very British, and nearly always grotesque.

## Miscellany

THE COMPLETE CHESSPLAYER. By Fred Reinfeld. Crest. 75¢. "Chess, like love, like music, has the power to make men happy," and this helpful pal introduces charts, diagrams, and other hints to make the game easy.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF COOKING. Edited by William Kaufman. Dell. $2.95. Four books handsomely boxed and neatly arranged to present the taste treats of many regions, including the Far and Near East, the Caribbean, Continental Europe, and Scandinavia.

I OWE RUSSIA $1200. By Bob Hope. Pocket Books. 50¢. If you think Bob Hope is funny, you'll like this. Otherwise, his making of the Moscow scene is merely hilarious.

---

**A significant creative development** of the twentieth century is exemplified in the films of Ingmar Bergman, the Swedish director, who also wrote his own scenarios for such subtle, original, and often maddeningly mystical works as *Wild Strawberries* and *The Seventh Seal. Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman* (Essandess, $2.45) includes these two plus *Smiles of a Summer Night* and *The Magician.*

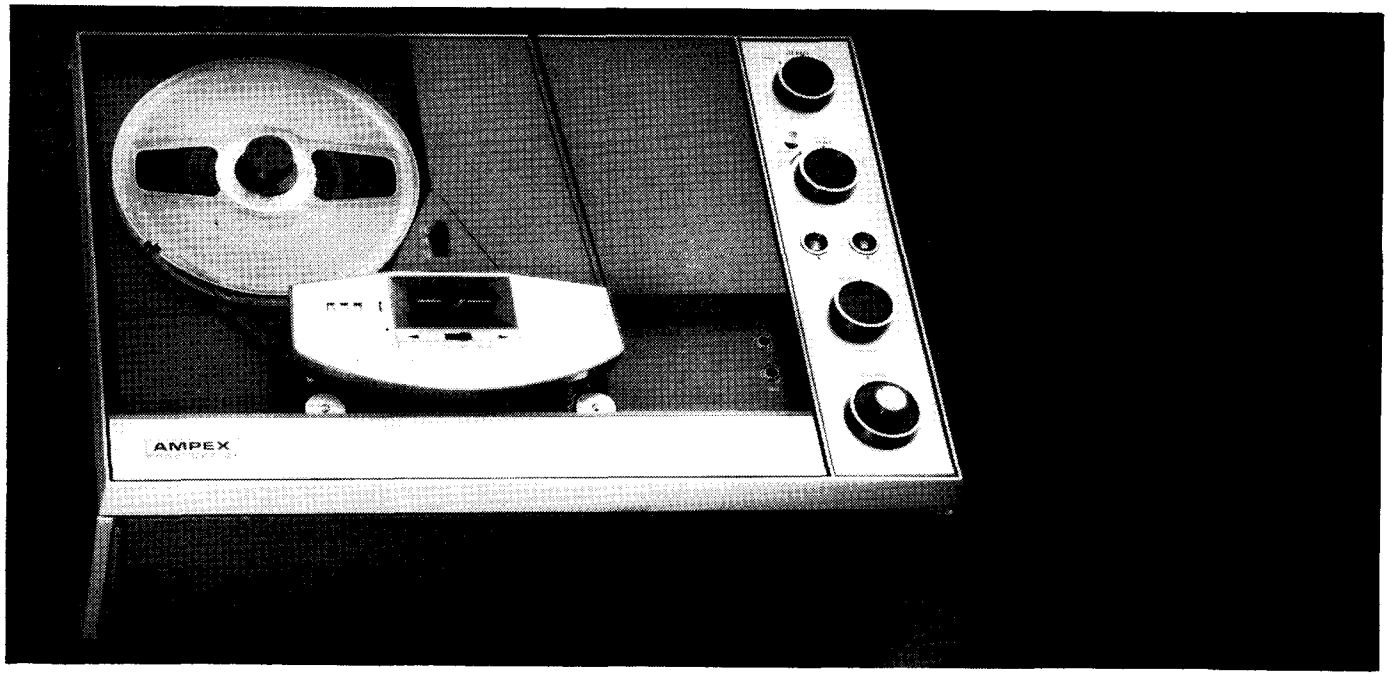
**"Death" from *The Seventh Seal.***

**"Sara and Sigfrid" from *Wild Strawberries.***

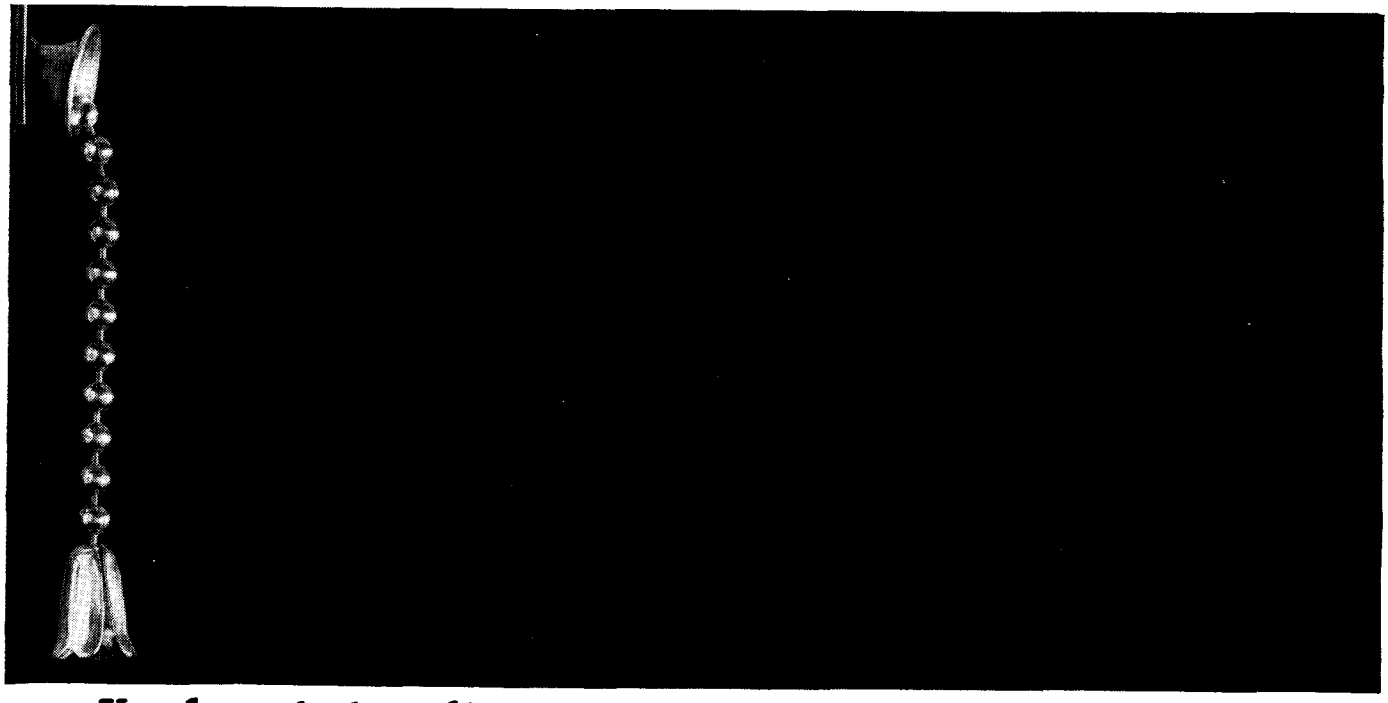
**"Vogler and Manda, undisguised" from *The Magician.***



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




## *The fantastic new Ampex 2000 stereo tape recorder is not completely automatic.*



## *You have to turn it on.*

That requires one free hand, and a few spare seconds. The Ampex 2000 does the rest. Just place the tape in the slot. Then push a button and it threads the tape automatically. That's easier than operating a phonograph.

The 2000 also reverses itself automatically. That means you can play up to 6 hours (and *more*) of gorgeous, uninterrupted, unrepeated stereo music. Without changing reels.

The 2000 will then politely shut itself off—if you want it to. If not, it will play indefinitely. Aside from its guaranteed specifications, the 2000 has a full year's warranty on all parts. *And* all labor. Try and beat *that* combination!

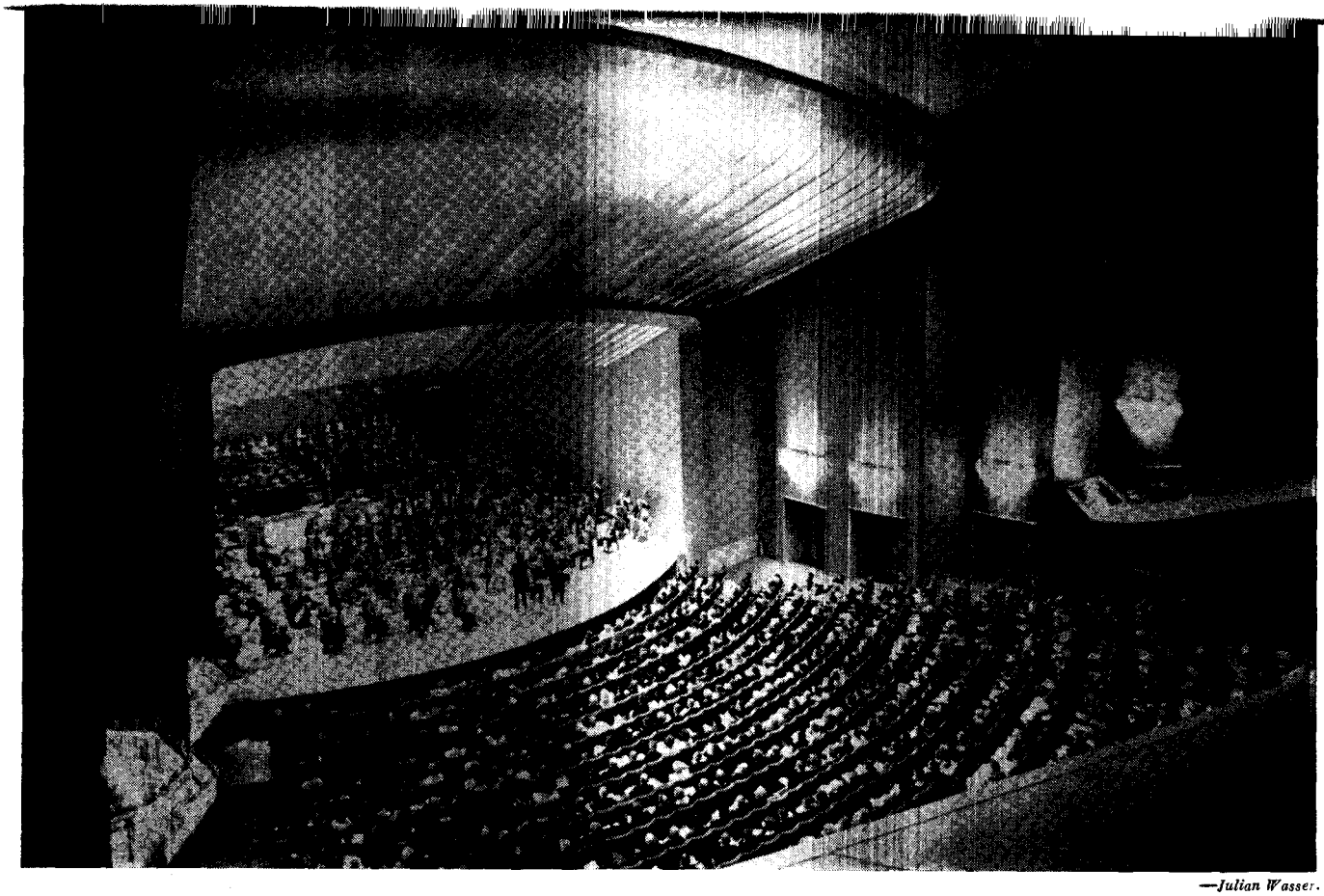
So if you have a few spare seconds, drop by your Ampex franchised dealer. We promise he'll let *you* turn an Ampex on. But beware—you'll never want to turn it off. For less daring souls, there's a complete "shop-at-home" brochure. Write.

Ampex Corporation
Consumer Products Div., Dept. S12
2201 Landmeier Road
Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007

***Ask anyone who knows.***

**AMPEX**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Julian Wasser.

**A view of the new Los Angeles Pavilion during a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Zubin Mehta conducting. The singer is tenor David Poleri.**

# BLOOM IN THE CULTURAL DESERT


**SR/RECORDINGS**

BLOOM IN THE CULTURAL DESERT
*By Arthur Knight* **43**

HANDEL'S "RODELINDA"
*By Herbert Weinstock* **46**

PRE-RECORDED TAPE AT 3¾ IPS
*By Irving Kolodin* **47**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
*By the Recordings Editor* **48**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I & II **50, 52**

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD
*By Martin Bernheimer* **51**

THE OTHER SIDE
*By Thomas Heinitz* **53**

ANTHOLOGY OF ANTHOLOGIES
*By Martin Williams* **54**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **55**


By ARTHUR KNIGHT

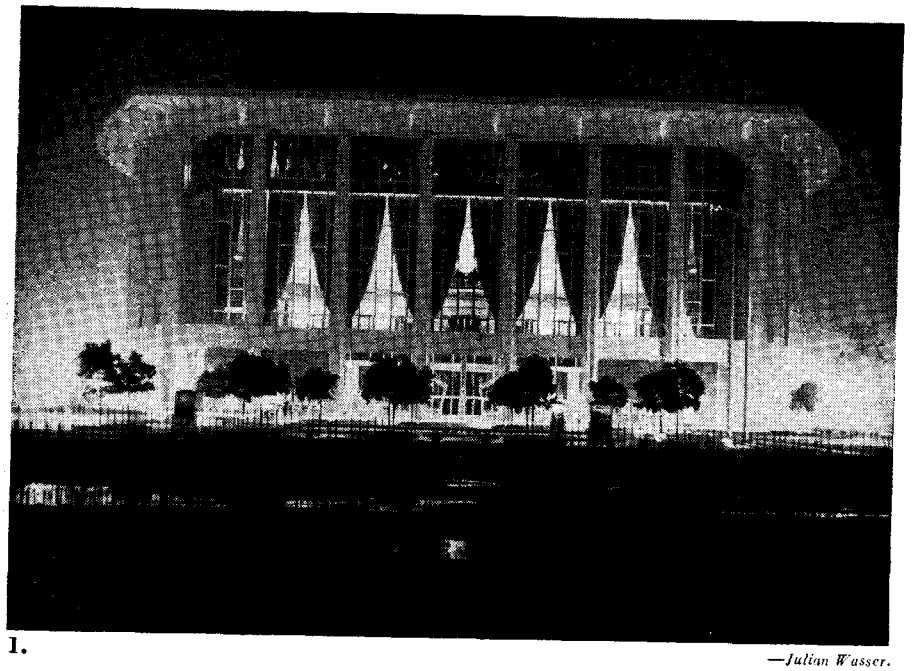
ZUBIN MEHTA lowered his baton after the first number on the inaugural program of Los Angeles's new Pavilion, a ringing fanfare for brasses by Richard Strauss, and faced the audience. "We like the acoustics," he said quietly. A resounding ovation greeted his words. There was no question about it; the 3,250 Angelenos who filled the hall did, too. After years of listening to music in the barnlike Shrine, or dodging the dead spots of the Philharmonic Auditorium, the live, full-throated sound of the horns came almost as a revelation to them—or, at the very least, as a confirmation of all the gripes and complaints that for years they had been leveling against those other halls.

Not surprisingly, acoustics were on everyone's mind that opening night, particularly after the well-publicized false start of New York's Philharmonic Hall. During intermission, the fashionable crowds that strolled through the vast lobbies gazed approvingly at the building's appointments, but what they spoke about was the sound. They compared notes. Mehta had delivered his speech without amplification and in a normal speaking voice, but it had been heard throughout the auditorium. A composer who had visited the hall a few days earlier told of standing at the rear of the top balcony during a rehearsal and listening in on all the on-stage conversations. Everywhere one heard comparisons being made with the sounds of other great concert halls—and generally to the advantage of the Pavilion.

Mehta seems to have chosen the first half of his program specifically to dramatize the acoustics of his orchestra's new home. He followed the brief fanfare with a performance of William Schuman's spirited *American Festival Overture,* which emphasizes the strings and high woodwinds; then, for the full orchestral sound, resurrected Respighi's *Roman Festivals,* which repeatedly pits choir against choir—Christians against pagans—as it recreates in music the ceremonies and orgies of ancient Rome. When Mehta brought his baton down on the final fortissimo, a brilliant chord




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1. —*Julian Wasser.*

2. —*Rothschild.*

3. —*Julian Wasser.*

4. —*Julian Wasser.*

5. —*Rothschild.*

6. —*Rothschild.*

**1) A night view of the exterior. 2) Grand foyer on the opening night. 3) Stair case during an intermission. 4) Zubin Mehta conducting. 5) Jascha Heifetz, soloist on the opening night (right), with conductor Mehta. 6) Mrs. Dorothy Buffam Chandler (center), with conductor Mehta and architect Welton Becket (right).**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struck by the entire orchestra, there was not the slightest reverberation or echo. The crowd sat as if stunned for a moment, drinking in this phenomenon, then burst into thunderous applause.

If the first half of the program was all acoustics, the second half was all music. The hi-fi demonstration over, Mehta brought out Jascha Heifetz, for many years now a resident of Los Angeles, and together they performed a noble reading of the Beethoven Concerto. Perhaps the excitement of the occasion accounted for a few unaccustomed false notes in Heifetz's playing, but never has his interpretation of the music been more eloquently integrated and phrased, nor the pyrotechnic displays of his cadenzas more fully attuned to the spirit and style of Beethoven's score. Another prolonged ovation brought the evening to a close. Since Heifetz is regarded as virtually a native son, it was a proud occasion all around.

Actually, the playing of the Concerto confirmed a suspicion that has been roused by the Schuman Overture. At this point, the new hall is a bit too live, a bit too shrill. While the strings of the Los Angeles Philharmonic are scarcely the perfect instrument with which to test the qualities of any auditorium, the fact is that, massed against Heifetz in many of the ensemble passages, they tended to swallow him through sheer volume of sound. Alone, or with a light orchestral accompaniment, the silken Heifetz tone has seldom been heard to better advantage; but in a hall of this brilliance, every instrument becomes a soloist—and will continue to do so until a bit more damping down is done to achieve a greater blending and mellowing of the sounds.

Ample opportunity for such experimentation is afforded by Welton Becket's flexible design for both the stage and the auditorium itself. The orchestra performs within a shell of light tan wood that can be moved forward or back as required. When Van Cliburn appeared as solo recitalist a few nights later, for example, the shell had been advanced by several yards; and a few nights after that, when Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed, the stage seemed even larger than on opening night. Overhead, a ribbed, gold-leafed canopy, pierced by squares for illumination of the stage, slants upward toward the proscenium to project the maximum volume of sound out into the house. It, too, is flexible and can be raised, lowered, or removed entirely. Continuing the line of this canopy into the auditorium is a vast, gold-leafed aluminum shell that begins at the proscenium and curves up to the ceiling of the hall; it has been designed to rest in three different positions, depending upon the sound requirements.

All of this contributes a curious sense of intimacy to a house that seats over 600 more than New York's Philharmonic Hall or Carnegie Hall, and only a few hundred less than the cavernous Metropolitan. This sense of intimacy is reinforced by the design of the auditorium itself. It is square-shaped and with continental seating, and the farthest seat in the topmost of its three balconies is only 130 feet from the stage. Even the stage seems strangely small for a house of this size, particularly when Tony Duquette's gold lamé curtain, with its sun-burst design, is lowered. (When the curtain rises, and one sees that the entire symphony orchestra can be comfortably accommodated within the area, the surprise is even greater.) Three panels of light brown wood angle back from the proscenium on either side, extending well beyond the curving line of the first balcony and reaching from floor to ceiling. The remainder of the auditorium is buff-colored plaster, with only the upholstery (coral for the orchestra and upper balconies, gold for the Founders Circle) and the eight crystal chandeliers over the exits to lend additional touches of color to the hall. Somehow the lack of ornamentation does not produce any feeling of austerity; it is a warm room, suggestive of well-being and good taste, a room that provides a comfortable and agreeable setting for the enjoyment of music without making demands of its own.

WISELY, the show aspects have been reserved for the outer lobbies that surround the auditorium on three sides and on five levels. Like Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, the Los Angeles Pavilion is sheathed in glass. Approached over a wide concourse that is attractively decorated by illuminated plantings and fountains, the interior seems aglow with warmth and light. Even from the outside, the three giant chandeliers of Czechoslovakian crystal that dominate the grand hall are clearly visible. The entrance, however, is to a foyer that, apart from its beige and brown carpeting and potted green ferns, is glass, crystal, and shiny tan onyx. Angular white marble stairs, almost too unobtrusive, lead the way to the grand hall above—a vast room that is three stories high and flanked, on the one side, by two curving galleries, and on the other by a breathtaking panorama of Los Angeles at night. Designs of mirrored glass set in the ceiling reflect the illumination of the three-tiered chandeliers.

Since the Philharmonic Auditorium is church-owned and operated, the sale of spirituous liquids has never been countenanced there. The Pavilion, however, functions under the more secular auspices of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, with the result that there are bars, restaurants, and private dining rooms on virtually every level, beginning with the Curtain Call Restaurant on the street below the building, and on up to the three large dining rooms on the fifth floor, just beyond the last seats of the top balcony. Most sumptuous of all is the Founders Room, set off from the grand hall on one side and leading into the Founders Circle on another. Elegantly finished in rich brown wood, it is dominated—and quite properly—by a full-length portrait of Dorothy Buffam Chandler, whose ten-year devotion to the establishment of a music center for Los Angeles was finally realized in the Pavilion. When on opening night Zubin Mehta voiced his thanks, the entire audience rose in appreciation.

For Los Angeles, the Pavilion is merely the first step toward the creation of a true cultural center. Even as its curtain rose, work was going forward on the completion of two more structures—the Center Theater and the Mark Taper Forum, the Center to house legitimate shows and musical comedies, the Forum for chamber groups, lectures, and theater-in-the-round presentations. Until these are completed, hopefully in the fall of 1966, the cultural life of this great, sprawling metropolis will inevitably continue very much as it has to date—diffused, unfocused, and divided among the several colleges and universities in the area, and perhaps half a dozen theaters and recital halls.

It is this diffusion, more than any other single factor, that has earned for Los Angeles the popular misnomer of a cultural desert. Music exists here, in great abundance. The trick has been to find it—on the campus at USC, UCLA, or Loyola, at the Civic Auditoriums in Santa Monica or Pasadena, or off at Claremont some thirty-five miles away. Similarly, there is probably more "off-Broadway" theater in Los Angeles than in New York itself; but again, it has been spread among the universities and in makeshift theaters-in-the-round throughout the 100 square miles of Greater Los Angeles. What has been lacking to date is neither the talent nor the facilities, but rather the focal point that the music-center complex, when completed, can provide, the one place in which the cultural identity of the entire community can be established. With the opening of the Pavilion, Los Angeles has taken a long, firm step in that direction.

*Coming January 9, 1965*

**"The Challenge of Prosperity"**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Handel's "Rodelinda"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ADMIRERS of Handel's operas continue to find the shelves of record shops discouragingly bare. As of the November *Schwann,* the whole tally of available Handel opera recordings is two each of *Alcina, Giulio Cesare,* and *Rodelinda,* one of *Sosarme* (the finest recording of a Handel opera yet issued), and one of *Semele*—if one is content to call that secular oratorio an opera. No Handelian can be consoled for the absence of a dozen more of his composer's finest operas by the fact that the same "Schwann" reveals eight complete versions each of *La Bohème, Madama Butterfly,* and *Cavalleria Rusticana,* nine of *I Pagliacci.* What would have consoled him temporarily, in view of the generally unsatisfactory qualities of the Lyrichord recording of *Rodelinda,* is a new recording immensely superior to the one just issued by Westminster (XWN-3320, $14.94; stereo WST-320, $14.94).

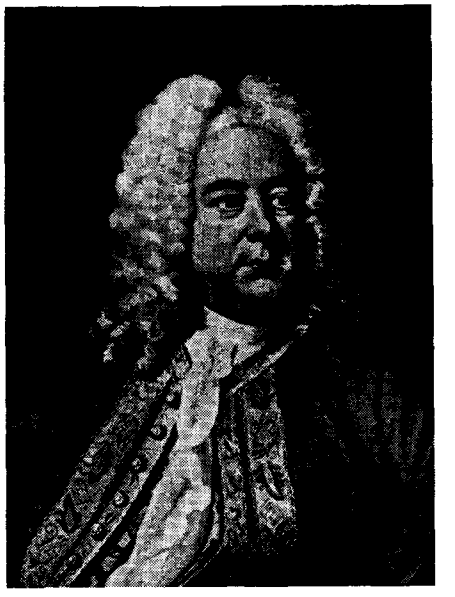
The cast of the new *Rodelinda* looked promising: Teresa Stich-Randall (Rodelinda), Maureen Forrester (Bertarido), Alexander Young (Grimoaldo), Hilde Roessl-Majdan (Eduige), Helen Watts (Unulfo), and John Boyden (Garibaldo). The orchestra is that of the Vienna Radio; the conductor is an Englishman, Brian Priestman. Since Handel, having presented *Rodelinda* for the first time at the King's Theater in the Haymarket, London, on February 13, 1725, altered and added to the score for two later productions, and since the Handel-Gesellschaft edition of it is incomplete, one can say of the present inclusion of numbers only that it omits nothing of first importance. The recorded sound (heard only monophonically) is good.

Within limitations imposed upon them by nature and by their various musical instincts and insights, the singers sing well. They make, that is, no purposelessly unpleasant sound; they surmount the difficult *fioriture* with no catastrophes; they sometimes produce stirring tones. The orchestra performs well; the important harpsichord continuo is played expertly by Martin Isepp. What, then, has happened? Why is the atmosphere of this performance so dispirited and dispiriting? What places it so far from what the atmosphere of *Rodelinda* was meant to be—and must have been in 1725, when the title role was sung by the great Francesca Cuzzoni, that of Bertarido by the magnificent *castrato* known as Senesino, that of Grimoaldo by a tenor (rarely so important in a Handel opera) named Francesco Borosini? Why does the machinery all move and mesh, but fail to produce living opera?

The answer is that Mr. Priestman conducts *Rodelinda* as though it were an oratorio. Worse, he allows the singers to sing it as he conceives it, in a sort of hushed solemnity utterly unsuited to what both the libretto and Handel's music have them saying and doing. By no effort of sympathetic imagination is it possible to believe that what one hears are the sounds of a drama being sung and acted. One can fairly feel the singers, all in a row, scores in hand, soberly intoning what *Rodelinda* is not, an English oratorio. The great lack, then, is of any proper style. Miss Forrester, for all the beauty of her contralto voice, sings the familiar "Dove sei" (familiar, that is, as adapted to irrelevant English lines beginning "Art thou troubled") exactly as she would sing an aria from *Messiah.* Miss Stich-Randall—whose accurate singing remains cold and unmoving either because of the peculiarly inexpressive timbre of her voice, which sounds electronic in its lack of overtones, or because of some failure of dramatic insight—does not convey Rodelinda's wildly fluctuating emotions.

Only the consistently excellent Mr. Young as Grimoaldo, especially in the opera's most exciting passage, the recitative "Fatto inferno" leading into the exquisite aria "Pastorello d'un povero armento," incarnates Handel's dramatic intentions. The result of his aptness, unhappily, is that it makes him seem several times to be at odds with the conductor's purposes. All of the other singers, to be fair, have moments when they, too, leave Mr. Priestman's plodding notions behind and allow themselves to be carried away by Haym's words and Handel's music. Then we can hear what a really tremendous opera *Rodelinda* is—and know what we are missing by not hearing it conducted and sung as it requires. (One thing it surely does not require is the continuity-snapping break between Sides 5 and 6 of this pressing.)

For *Rodelinda* is not merely a collection of recitatives, most of them wonderfully dramatic, of melodically spendthrift arias, one duet, and one quintet. It is a unified musico-dramatic



**Handel—"the master of opera is . . . revivified."**

story, as humanly stirring in Handel's eighteenth-century terms as *La Traviata* in its nineteenth-century ones, or *Wozzeck* in those of our century. And exactly the most important elements missing from this recording of *Rodelinda* are abundant in two "highlights" selections taken from complete recordings of other Handel operas: *Alcina* (London 5874, $4.98; stereo OS-25874, $5.98) and *Giulio Cesare* (London 5876, $4.98; stereo OS-25876, $5.98), both starring Joan Sutherland. However much one may continue to regret Miss Sutherland's blurring of vowels and consonants, she and her colleagues—who include such operatic experts as Teresa Berganza, Margreta Elkins, Mirella Freni, Marilyn Horne, Graziella Sciutti, Monica Sinclair, Luigi Alva, and Ezio Flagello—project exciting operatic values, not merely the notes of delightful music. Richard Bonynge, too, demonstrates his awareness that what he is conducting must be effective theater if it is not to die in the ear. These two "highlight" anthologies must be excellent advertising. For it is difficult to imagine anyone, Handelian or not, listening to them and not acquiring the complete recordings. In them, however partially and tantalizingly, Handel, the master of opera, is revivified. In the Westminster *Rodelinda,* they make clear, the life-bestowing wand was waved without producing the desired result.

***Coming Next Week***

**World Travel Calendar**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Pre-Recorded Tape at 3¾ ips

STRAUSS: *"Blue Danube Waltz." Leopold Stokowski conducting.* SIBELIUS: *"Valse Triste." Felix Slatkin conducting.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Waltz from "Sleeping Beauty." Robert Irving conducting.* SCHUMANN: *"Träumerei" from "Kinderscenen," and thirty-one other selections. Rudolf Firkusny, piano.* Others. Capitol Four Track Tape Y4P 8607, $19.98.

Sixteen years after the introduction of long-playing records in 1948, technology is still struggling to produce a home device for reproducing music that will surpass it in convenience, equal it in fidelity, and offer a monetary saving as well. Curiously, the history of pre-recorded tape is repeating many of the steps that led to the extension of playing time on a twelve-inch disc from four to nearly thirty minutes. Having accepted the seven-inch reel as an inevitable condition of successful marketing—though why that should be so only the experts could prove, logically—maximum utilization of the tape that can be wound on such a reel can be attained only by slowing down the speed at which it travels across the tape head. This is equivalent to dropping the record's speed from 78 rpm to 33⅓.

There has been much talk and some experimentation (mostly speech reproduction) with pre-recorded tapes at half the speed of the commonly accepted seven and a quarter inches per second. However, Capitol is the first (to my knowledge) to offer the consumer a chance to judge what the results might be with high-quality reproduction of music, and for that enterprise it is entitled to thanks. Currently available are four reels ranging from the one described above to *The Nat King Cole Story* ($14.98). In these two instances at least, the price is directly competitive with disc; the reel bearing classical and semiclassical matter works out to $5 for the equivalent of a stereo album, likewise the Nat Cole survey (which, at $15, provides the content of three LPs).

So far as performance on a Tandberg tape unit (which can play at 1⅞ as well as 3¾ and 7½ inches per second) is concerned, there are these verities: the track of Y4P 8607 plays for 72.04 minutes, the B track for 69.46; the pitch is unvarying; the stereo properties are as good as those of the average record or tape; there seems to be no problem of winding or using the rewound track.

Where the problem does arise is in the critical area of fidelity. Played at a low volume for purposes of background music, the sound is recognizably that of an orchestra, an organ, a piano, or whatever. But reproduced at the level to which the record (or tape) user is accustomed in his living room, the results are recognizably degraded. The piano (as played on the selections offered here by Leonard Pennario, Moura Lympany, Rudolf Firkusny, etc.) fares relatively well, the organ less well, and the orchestra least, save for the solo violin, which is shrill, metallic and edgy.

With the strings, apparently, the heads commonly used for home reproduction of magnetic tape are not good enough to avoid a wiry quality in the high registers of the violins, or to articulate the bass at this slow speed of tape travel.

More sensitive heads would push up the price of the reproducing unit, possibly to a point that might cancel out savings from the increased playing time.

What Capitol has neglected to do—and it is a rather crucial oversight—is to exploit the one incontestable advantage of the slow tape speed: greater playing time. In a miscellany of brief pieces and excerpts, the concentration is necessarily on reproductive quality and quality alone; they gain nothing by a playing time twice that normally available. An uninterrupted act of a Wagner opera, or a Mahler symphony presented without a break, would have conferred a benefit that might be weighed against the degraded sound. That, apparently, did not occur to anyone—which is unfortunate.

As a medium for the voice and background instruments utilized by Nat Cole, 3¾-ips tape is relatively superior. This may be related to the restricted high frequencies of the original (pop records are traditionally held within a more limited frequency span than classical records), meaning that there is less to be sacrificed at the slower speed. Nor does the accompanying trio—piano, guitar, string bass—pose the most difficult problems of reproduction in this medium. On the other hand, when an orchestra is used, it doesn't sound any better than it does on the other reel, and background noise is more conspicuous than on 7½.

The net of it would seem to be that Capitol has made an important contribution to the development of the tape market, but at present with more advantage to the casual listener than to the indoctrinated music lover. However, if one considers the problems that had to be overcome before the LP was a boon as well as a blessing, there is every reason to believe that the promise in this innovation can be nursed to healthy maturity also. —I. K.

*"You're lucky! You caught him in one of his feeling guilty days."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Recordings in Review

## Pergolesi's "Padrona"

PERGOLESI: *"La Serva Padrona." Virginia Zeani, soprano; and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, bass; with orchestra conducted by George Singer.* Vox OPX 380, $4.98; stereo SOPX 50.380, $4.98.

Here is an enterprise that can be heartily commended either for the performance or the material that is performed. That is to say, those who have some knowledge of the musical delight in this early example of *opera buffa* will find it produced with verve and impeccable vocal manners by Singer and the two adept performers with whom he is associated. Others, to whom it is wholly new, will find it hard to resist, once they have been exposed to the opportunities it offers for Rossi-Lemeni and Zeani (Mme. R-L, as it happens) to exhibit their skills as farceurs.

What the unknowing are likely to discover almost at once is the extent to which they are already acquainted with a major aspect of Pergolesi's expression—assuming, that is, that they are reasonably well acquainted with *Le Nozze di Figaro* and/or *Così*. For it is clear that he had perfected, half a century before these works (or Paisiello's *Barbiere*), the same kind of *recitativo secco* which is so integral a part of their scheme. Or to invert it, one could say that Mozart was so thoroughly indoctrinated with the Italian mode of writing recitative that, when mated with his own (German-derived) ideas of aria, a new type was evolved. But, as can happen, the prototype was, in its own way, delightful.

**Nicola Rossi-Lemeni and Virginia Zeani—"rare ability to shape sound. . . ."**

Here the tale of the maid, Serpina, determined to become master not only of her master's domestic domain but of her master himself, is spun off with a mixture of high spirits and vocal virtuosity that is all but irresistible. Neither voice is in a time of vocal prime: Miss Zeani's in particular, has receded in vibrance since she was last heard on a collection of Puccini arias for London, and the plush has gone from Rossi-Lemeni's sound, leaving but a bit of nap to conceal the worn spots. But each has the rare ability to shape sound as a fine violinist bows tone—broad and full, or narrow and concentrated—according to the needs of the composer. Moreover, each is in complete control of the means to deal with the secco recitative as a musical pattern as well as a dramatic device, which adds vastly to listening interest. Finally, they have obviously invested all the time necessary to perfect the nuance and interplay of the two-part drama, something which is more accessible to a husband-and-wife partnership than it is for other performers. Conductor Singer has a relevant idea of the proportionate places of the singers and orchestra in this kind of recording project, and it all comes together delightfully. No text, Italian or English (not to say the desirable combination of them) is provided.

## Krauss for Strauss

STRAUSS: *"Metamorphosen." Clemens Krauss conducting the strings of the Bamberg Orchestra. Eight Songs. Viorica Ursuleac, soprano; with Krauss, piano.* Amadeo 5034, $6.98 *(mono only). Couperin Suite (Divertimento). Entr'acte "Capriccio." "Der Rosenkavalier" waltzes. Krauss conducting.* Amadeo AVRS 5033, $6.98 (mono only).

Of all the conductors who were famous in the composer's lifetime as Strauss "specialists," the late Clemens Krauss was the one who grew closest to him as time passed and circumstances altered. Some of this had to do with the contraction of the physical circle in which Strauss lived, in Garmisch, which made Krauss, in Munich, the nearest musician of authority to him. But a good deal of it was an outgrowth of a genuine rapport, which had its most conspicuous evidence in the works they wrote together, especially in *Capriccio*.

Among these performances, derived from public and private occasions, the one of greatest musical interest is the *Metamorphosen* dating from 1953. In the aftermath of what is now known about the work and its attachment to the Munich National Theater (Opera), which was destroyed in a bombing during 1943. Krauss's association with it was perhaps the closest of anyone's (next to the creator's). He was director of the Munich Opera at the time, and, of course, disenfranchised as a result.

The performance is not one of the richest, tonally, that we have (that description belongs to the recent one by Klemperer), but it has some musical insights that should be known to anyone with a fondness for the work. He takes it in a slow, undulating but steady tempo, with few of the *accelerandi* and *crescendi* that have been added by others to animate what is, admittedly, a lengthy, uninterrupted movement. But precisely because the meaning of it is so close to him Krauss is not impelled to added emphasis, but plays the work quietly and to an enormous accretion of expression.

Best sounding of the performances, as well as the least familiar, is the second Couperin Suite, which Krauss was the first to perform in 1941. The results may be closer to Strauss than they are to Couperin, but, of themselves, the pieces are delightful, the elaboration of them as artful as only Strauss could make them. Krauss makes a highlight of every instrumental effect that lends itself to such possibility, and the sequence—despite a turnover between Nos. 5 and 6—is a succession of delights. Likewise enjoyable is the *Capriccio* interlude, taken from a broadcast performance of 1953, and the rearranged waltz sequence from *Rosenkavalier* (Strauss's own effort, late in life, to escape the "atrocious transitions" of the earlier sequence, which had been "getting on . . . my . . . nerves" for some time).

The songs performed by Mme. Ursuleac to her husband's accompaniment are variable in quality but not in the voice—which is unvaryingly coarse, shrill, and off-pitch. It should be added that by the time, in 1952, when they were recorded at a Munich radio studio, Mme. Ursuleac had given up stage performances, but was still appearing in concert. The art is imposing and her feeling for the material unquestionable, but the totality will claim the suffrage of only the hardiest listeners. The titles are: *Madrigal, Aus den Liedern der Trauer, Lob des Leidens, Seitdem Dein Aug' in Meines Schaute, Muttertändelei, Blindenklage, Für Fünfzehn Pfennige, O Wärst du Mein.* Among these, *Blindenklage* is a song of outstanding quality; the others not the compelling kind of Strauss. The annotations for this *Historische Aufnahme* series are brief but properly informative; the song texts are printed only in German.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Evelyne Crochet—"capable, clearheaded . . . responsive"**

## Four for Fauré

FAURE: *Complete Piano Works; Theme and Variations, Op. 73*; Barcarolles; *"Valse-Caprices"*; *"Pièces brèves"* (Vol. I). *Evelyne Crochet, piano*, Vox VBX-423, $9.95; stereo SVBX-5423, $9.95. *Preludes, Op. 103; Impromptus and Nocturnes; "Songs without Words"; Mazurka. Crochet, piano.* Vox BX-424, $9.95; stereo SVBX 5424, $9.95.

FAURE: *Nocturne in A flat.* RAVEL: *"Valses nobles et sentimentales," "La Vallée des cloches."* CHABRIER: *Scherzo-Valse.* POULENC: *"Mouvements perpetuels"; Intermezzi in A flat, D flat. Artur Rubinstein, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2751, $4.98; stereo LSC 2751, $5.98.

FAURE: *Dolly Suite, Op. 56.* BIZET: *"Jeux d'Enfants."* RAVEL: *"Ma Mère l'Oye." Walter and Beatrice Klien, piano.* Vox PL 12 590, $4.98; stereo STPL 512 590, $4.98.

Gabriel Fauré was hardly the greatest composer of his time, though that time extended from 1845 to 1924. Indeed, there are some who would doubt whether the word "great" could rightfully be applied to him at all. He was, like Edvard Grieg, capable of many fine small things, but not many that were both fine and extended. Withal, he represents a kind of musician who has all but disappeared: one who literally ran over with his subject, to a total of 119 opus numbers. Like the songs, the quality of the piano music is variable, but the facility was never purchased at the price of care in workmanship, or artistry in deriving the most from any idea that presented itself to him.

As was the case with Grant Johannessen, who preceded her in the pursuit of this extensive task, Miss Crochet lacks the artistic range or variety of pianistic palette to sustain the interest through good pieces and not-so-good pieces. In the best of them, she is capable, clearheaded, and invariably a responsive voice when the lyric spirit of the composer asserts itself. She doesn't attain the quality level of the best of the Johannessen performances, but she doesn't deviate much from her own standard, either. Considering that this takes in twelve LPs, each with a multiplicity of pieces, it speaks well for her devotion to a particularly exacting task.

For those who want Fauré in microcosm, the Rubinstein miscellany can be recommended as the quintessence of his flavor. Miss Crochet plays the A-flat Nocturne capably; Rubinstein plays it unforgettably—the difference being not in what he sees in it that she doesn't, but what he sees in it that is not really there. It is, rather, in his own feeling for an idiom with which he has lived for almost as many years as it has existed. The Fauré Nocturne is but an incident of a retrospective look at some enthusiasms that have come but not gone in Rubinstein's long *affaire de coeur* with the keyboard. Among them one of the most endearing is the performance of the Ravel *Valses nobles et sentimentales*. Rubinstein imparts almost as many shadings and colors to its iridescent patterns as the most capable conductor and orchestra might to the composer's own orchestration of later date. As for the Poulenc pieces, Rubinstein was the first to record if not to play the *Mouvements perpétuels*, and no one has done either better since.

As Miss Crochet has not yet taken to playing duets with herself—a possibility that has not yet been exploited at the piano—her collection is necessarily lacking one of the most charming of all the charming works of Fauré. That is the set of pieces written for the young daughter of the singer Emma Bardac (the annotation says she "became Madame Debussy a few *lears* later," which is an obvious misprint as the word is spelled "leers"), and which has outlived everybody associated with the circumstances. Even in such an *en famille* task as this, Fauré could not spare himself the best workmanship of which he was capable. It takes on a kind of triumphant casualness in the delightfully overlapping canonic imitations of the middle part of *Tendresse*, a name perfectly suited to the piece that could have no other. It is also a perfect complement to this beautifully proportioned performance by the Kliens that it should be followed by a work of Ravel (one of Fauré's best pupils) which was also prompted by a young friend of the composer, and preceded by Bizet's thoughts on the subject of children's games. None of it is by the wildest imaginative stretch children's music, save that it shares with its subject a perennial freshness and undying appeal. As well as sharing an ensemble which is intuitive as well as mechanical, the Kliens produce a sound of ingratiating insinuation and ear appeal. If record prices were regulated by quality rather than custom, this one would be worth twice the usual.

## "L'Histoire" Well Told

STRAVINSKY: *"L'Histoire du Soldat." Igor Markevitch conducting; Manoug Parikian, violin; Ulysse Delécluse, clarinet; Henri Helaerts, bassoon; Maurice André, trumpet; Roland Schnorkh, trombone; Joachim Gut, double-bass; and Charles Peschier, percussion; with Jean Cocteau, Peter Ustinov, and Jean-Marie Fertey, speakers.* Philips PHM 500-046, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-048, $5.98.

Assuming that the Schwann catalogue is the reliable source of information it generally has been, this is the only full-length *L'Histoire* now available, and also the first in stereo, which means the first in the better part of a decade. There have, of course, been recordings of the musical portions alone, as arranged by the composer in the form of a suite (one directed by himself, one by John Carewe). But without the text of C. F. Ramuz, which was an inherent part of its original effect, *L'Histoire* might be likened to a boiled egg without salt—nourishing perhaps, but decidedly bland.

The special virtues of this recording are enormously enhanced by the participation of the late Cocteau and of Peter Ustinov. The former's exceptional qualities as a speaker of the texts utilized by Stravinsky has been sufficiently documented on past occasions not to require repetition here; it need only be said that those who mourned his passing last October have an unexpected addition to their memories of him in this narration. Ustinov's musical services in the past have been limited, so far as is known to me, to Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*. Here he shows himself not only brilliantly adaptable to the pace and insinuation of the Devil's words, but also fully fluent in delivering them in their original French form. Fertey completes the highly adept ensemble of actors.

With Manoug Parikian as his left-hand man and properly incisive performer of the diabolical fiddling, Markevitch has a start on an ensemble of the first quality. The other six performers being equally resourceful, the musical results are superbly balanced with the spoken. According to the annotation accompanying the issue (an attractive brochure with French and English on parallel pages), the performance was originally put together in 1962 for a fiftieth-birthday celebration for Markevitch in Vevey, and subsequently recorded. Perhaps a part of the brilliantly successful results may be attributed to the local air, for it was not far away that *L'Histoire* was created in 1918. It cannot have been recreated as well many times since.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: *Fidelio* and *Leonore* Overtures Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36209, $4.98; stereo S 36209, $5.98. | For those who own a prior release of this repertory by Klemperer, it should be clearly stated that this is not a belated stereo equivalent but four different performances (the orchestra in both cases was the Philharmonia). Although Klemperer's treatment of the opera was a cause for rejoicing (for this listener as well as multitudes of others), the same enthusiasm cannot be generated for these performances. They reach my ear as heavy rather than merely solid, and without the kind of animation to keep them moving. This applies even to the "light" *Fidelio* in E major, which puts undue stress on the timpani. (It is possible that it is the same performance included with the complete opera, in which case the transfer, or mastering, may be at fault.) Most successful of the four is the *Leonore* No. 3, which is cast on a scale to support the Klemperer treatment. It also is magnificently controlled to its climax. |
| Boieldieu: Concerto in C. Handel: Concerto in E flat. Debussy: *Danses Sacrées et Profanes*. Marie-Claire Jamet, harp; with the Orchestre de Paul Kuentz de Paris. Vox PL 512-730, $4.98; stereo STPL 512-730, $4.98. | Had Nicanor Zabaleta not been heard in a previous recording of the Boieldieu Concerto, it would command much more interest than it does in this able but hardly exceptional performance by Mme. Jamet. The Handel has also had its share of recordings in various guises (organ as well as harp) and there is no lack of qualified performances of the Debussy either. However, for those to whom the particular combination of works offered by Mme. Jamet may have an appeal, the performances may be recommended as technically expert, well-coordinated with the associated instruments, and successfully reproduced. Lacking, however, is the special kind of vitality and imagination provided for this literature by such performers as Grandjany and Zabaleta. |
| Britten: *Matinées Musicales, Soirées Musicales*. Respighi: *Rossiniana*. Robert Zeller conducting. Westminster XWN 19073, $4.98; stereo WST 17073, $5.98. | Zeller's ballet background has given him some useful ideas on the proper tempo for these suites (adapted in all cases from material by Rossini) and the results are, to that extent, attractive. However, for listening, and especially for home listening, something more is required, and that something more —spirited execution by the orchestra, a superior sense of phrasing, detail, and dynamics—is largely absent from this record. It is all too superficial and lacking in real finesse to be considered competitive with versions of the past by Désormière, etc. However, it may be noted that no version of any of the works is currently listed in the Schwann catalogue. |
| Clementi: Symphonies in D and B major; Concerto in C. Chamber Orchestra conducted by Alberto Zedda; with Gino Gorini pianist. Disco Angelicum LPA 2932, (mono only). | Beethoven's esteem for the works of Clementi is legendary, for reasons that became general knowledge when Vladimir Horowitz recorded a group of his sonatas on RCA Victor LM 1902. Those with a curiosity about Clementi's inclination as a composer for orchestra will find abundant evidences of it in this importation from Italy, especially in the adaptation of his sonatas of 1794 as a "concerto." It defines a good deal of the score of the piano and orchestra of the C-major concerto-to-come of Beethoven, though dealing little in its range of content. It is given a performance of relevant lightness and spirit by Gorini, who has obviously applied himself to mastering the style, its embellishments, passage work, etc. Zedda shapes an orchestral background of appropriate dynamic range, also doing well with the symphonies. Of these, the B-major is the more adventurous, with a slow movement of real distinction. The recording is sufficient for the needs of the music. |
| Dvořák: Symphony No. 9 *(From the New World)*. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 138-922, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138-922, $5.98. | Karajan's work with the Berlin Philharmonic is consistently high in performing quality, and this example is typical of that standard: meticulously crafted and full of superior technical detail. However, it does not sound to me that it is a score with which Karajan has a profound acquaintance, or about which he has very strong convictions. The largo is the most successful of the four, a tribute in part to the excellence of the solo instrumentalists, and the scherzo is also rhythmically alive. However, both the first and the last movements are lacking in the kind of propulsion inherent in them, and the treatment is sectionalized. Whether this results from short "takes" being made into edited tapes, or is inherent in the conception itself, the result is the same—uneven, non-consecutive interpretation. |
| Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 44 *(Trauer)* and No. 59 *(Passione)*; Overture to *Armida*. Leslie Jones conducting the London Little Orchestra. Nonesuch H-1032, $2.50; stereo H-71032, $2.50. | The rather empty program notes rephrase all the familiar information about Haydn but tell us nothing at all about Leslie Jones. As he is not included among the twenty-four Joneses listed in the English "Who's Who in Music," the presumption must be that he is young. He has, in any case, a strong and steady sympathy for the spirit as well as the style of these works, and does especially well with the *Trauer*. It is hardly to his advantage that the last performances hereabouts of *La Passione* were Hermann Scherchen's with the Philadelphia Orchestra; but, setting aside this comparison, Jones does more than commendably. What may seem a rather light, sometimes weak, bass may be simply a lack of sufficient numbers to provide the necessary support. |
| Prokofiev: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Isaac Stern, violin; with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6635, $4.98; stereo MS 6635, $5.98. Concerto No. 1 Erick Friedman, violin; with the Boston Symphony conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Concerto No. 5. Lorin Hollander, piano; with Leinsdorf and BSO. RCA Victor LM 2732, $4.98; stereo LSC 2732, $5.98. | Whether combining the beginning of a Prokofiev series with the promotion of two of RCA's younger performers multiplies or divides interest is debatable, and to be decided, in the final analysis, by the individual purchaser. What is not debatable is the superiority of Stern and Ormandy's performance of the first concerto to Friedman and Leinsdorf's. Though Stern is decidedly more of a "name" than his young colleague, he yields a substantial share of the prominence given to the violin by RCA Victor. The Columbia result is inherently more suitable to Prokofiev's purpose, which is to make the violin a part of the total texture, than is the RCA. In addition, Stern has a subtler, non-virtuoso conception to purvey, and does it superbly. So far as the piano part of the pairing is concerned, Hollander performs with energy and decision, qualities that become it well. Here, too, it strikes me that the piano has a disproportionate place in the total sound. The orchestra can be heard in the tutti, or when it is used in full against the piano; but passages with orchestral solos or lightly scored ensembles tend to sound remote. |
| Rózsa: Concerto. Jascha Heifetz, violin; with the Dallas Symphony conducted by Walter Hendl. Benjamin: *Romantic Fantasy*. William Primrose, viola; Jascha Heifetz, violin; and the RCA Victor conducted by Izler Solomon. RCA Victor LM 2767, $4.98; stereo LSC 2767, $5.98. | Each of these works is in the category of a "vehicle" for the skills of the principal performer, and like most such constructions, contains the kind of fittings preferred by the operator. In the case of the Rózsa, which was built for the purpose, it runs to equal amounts of plush (melodic matter) and inlay (display matter). The Benjamin was not written for Heifetz and Primrose, but might have been, so well does it suit them. Each was individually available before, but the pairing is new.<br>—Irving Kolodin. |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Changing of the Guard

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

TWO wholly unrelated events have recently served to alter the status of Gilbert and Sullivan on records. One was the advent of stereo, which suddenly made it possible to reproduce the stylized movement and specialized stage effects of the Savoyard repertory in the living room. The other was the advent of the year G&S came into public domain, which suddenly made it possible to reproduce the operettas without paying homage—financial *or* artistic—to the D'Oyly Carte company.

As a result, the past few years have seen a sudden flood of new G&S recordings. One series, on London, has utilized the D'Oyly Carte ensemble and, to some extent, its strict, built-in traditions. Another, on Angel, has introduced the healthy element of competition, providing better-known singers and a style that acknowledges D'Oyly Carte procedures without being limited to them.

It has been London's singular misfortune—if not that of the G&S addict—that the company must face not only the new-found competition of Angel, but also that of itself. It was the same London company, after all, that had recorded all the G&S standards in fine, occasionally uneven, performances during the pre-LP era. A paradox, as they say in *The Pirates of Penzance*, a most ingenious paradox!

The paradox is being resolved nicely, however. In order to come to grips with Angel, London has chosen the "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" tactic, and borrowed its competitor's strongest asset: Sir Malcolm Sargent. (A D'Oyly Carte alumnus of the pre-war period, Sargent is still the most stylish and the most spirited conductor active in this repertory. For all his authority and devotion to a cause, Isidore Godfrey—the company's regular maestro since 1925—remains in another league.) And to capitalize on the lingering excellences of its earlier releases without encouraging direct competition, London is reissuing its mono-only performances on the inexpensive Richmond label ($2.49 per LP).

Those on a tight budget and/or those with undying affection for the comic stars of a previous generation are herewith directed to Richmond's beautifully restored *Gondoliers* (RS 62010), *Pinafore* (RS 62003), *Mikado* (RS 62004), and *Iolanthe* (RS 62005). Those who place greater value on modern sound and better-balanced though less brilliant casts—all within sacrosanct bounds—should turn to the more recent collection currently being enhanced with a new *Yeomen of the Guard* (London A 4258, $9.96; stereo OSA 1258, $11.96).

This *Yeomen* is, without a doubt, the best of the stereo D'Oyly Carte releases, and for two good reasons: 1) it is the first to employ Sargent and the Royal Philharmonic, and 2) it makes the most of the company's present strengths and the least of its weaknesses.

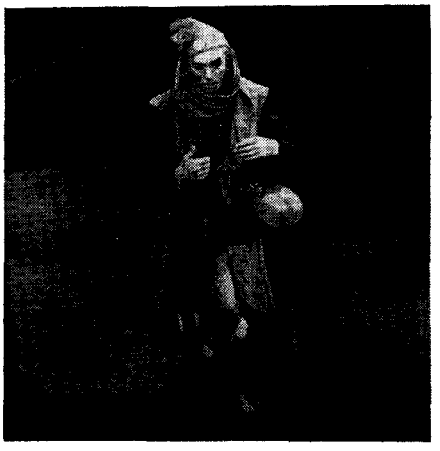
Though no one seems to have noticed it, the D'Oyly Carte company is slowly re-evaluating its own approach, toning down Gilbert's comedy and giving added stress to Sullivan's lyricism. While the company of the Forties and Fifties boasted such individualistic and talented singing-comedians as Martyn Green (later Peter Pratt), Darrell Fancourt, Richard Watson (later Fisher Morgan), and Ella Halman (later Ann Drummond-Grant) for the crucial roles in each stereotyped category, only one comedian of comparable stature is left in the present company: bass-baritone Donald Adams. Yet, by the same token, the pre-LP roster was painfully weak when it came to the principal "straight" parts. More often than not, the leading tenor sounded throaty except at the top, where he sounded strangulated. Almost always, the ingénues and soubrettes sounded matronly, shrill and fluttery, even when such qualities were not being satirized. And it cannot be denied that most of the "regulars" continued to perform long after their vocal prowess had declined or ceased to exist.

The current roster, on the other hand, is made up primarily of young, bona-fide acting singers. Never in this addict's memory have the romantic parts been sung so well or acted with such charm as is now the case with tenors Philip Potter and David Palmer (Thomas Round, also in this class, has just left the company); sopranos Ann Hood and Jennifer Toye; and baritone Jeffrey Skitch. In John Reed, heir to the Grossmith-Lytton-Green parts, the company has a droll comedian who tends to underplay and undersing, but compensates with Chaplinesque pathos. (On stage he is a remarkable dancer too.) Reed may lack the inbred crispness and "decay of old age" needed for an ideal Major General or Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., but his Jack Point in *Yeomen* and Robin Oakapple in *Ruddigore* are all the more affecting because these elements are missing.

*The Yeomen of the Guard* is probably the most operatic, and therefore the most problematic, of the G&S collaborations. It takes place amid the gloom of the Tower of London prison and its central figure, the jester Jack Point, is a tragic-clown in the Rigoletto-Pagliacci tradition. Although there is plenty of humor in *Yeomen*, it ends unhappily, and the dramatis personae relies on more characters than caricatures. This not only disrupts the work's unity of style, but also forces the audience to shift its values and sympathies a bit too often for comfort.

Today's D'Oyly Carte singers are better equipped to cope with the serious side of *Yeomen* than their predecessors had been on London A4205 (still available, though not yet transferred to Richmond). The new cast cannot eradicate the work's weaknesses and contradictions, but it can, and does, minimize them. In addition to the touching jester of Mr. Reed, there is a refreshingly suave Fairfax in Philip Potter, and a marvelously swaggering Sergeant Meryll in Donald Adams. Outstanding among the women is Elizabeth Harwood, an "outsider" borrowed from Sadlers Wells to sing Elsie Maynard for the recording only. In actual performances these days, Elsie is entrusted to the company's excellent principal soprano, Ann Hood. On the recording, however, she sings the mezzo role of Phoebe and does so with remarkable ease.

Predictably, the lowest-voiced parts, both male and female, suffer from pale, small-scale performances. They have for several years now. Gillian Knight lacks both the physical and vocal weight needed to fill out the Katisha-Buttercup contralto image, just as Kenneth Sandford is too mild vocally to be satisfying as Pooh-Bah, the Sergeant of Police, the Grand Inquisitor, et al. Fortunately, however, their assignments here (Dame Carruthers and Wilfred Shadbolt) are only of incidental importance.



**John Reed as Jack Point —"Chaplinesque pathos."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Mahler: *Kindertotenlieder, Um Mitternacht, Ich atmet' einen linden Duft, Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder*, and *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Karl Böhm. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 138 879, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138 879, $5.98. | This is Fischer-Dieskau's second recording of the *Kindertotenlieder* and a substantially better-sounding one than his previous effort with Rudolf Kempe. However, it doesn't strike any closer to the essence of this writing, for all its superficial suggestions of care, consideration, and cultivation. Perhaps it is the very abundance of these that deprives the performance of another, even more desirable *c*—conviction. The illuminating difference may be found no farther away than the second side, and particularly in *Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder* and *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*. These are diffused with the bittersweet combination of pleasure and resignation that are so distinctive in Mahler, and longingly, lingeringly realized by Fischer-Dieskau. Here, too, Böhm is completely at one with the singer. |
| Martin: *In Terra Pax*. Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande and the Union Chorale et Choeur des Dames de Lausanne; with Ursula Buckel, soprano; Marga Höffgen, mezzo; Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Pierre Mollet, baritone; and Jakob Stämpfli, bass. London 5847, $4.98; stereo OS 25847, $5.98. | As is the case with many works of Martin, this oratorio retains a considerable measure of meaning and interest well after its time of composition (1944), though it is not overtly new in any sense. Conceived in the summer of that year (on a commission from the Swiss Radio for a composition to be broadcast at the end of hostilities), Martin's work is both a thanksgiving for peace and a realization that the quest for it remains unending. I find its tone absorbing, its content persuasive, and its skill equal to the task the composer has set himself. The soloists are all capable, but Miss Höffgen attains distinction in the long solo ("Voici mon serviteur") at the beginning of Side B. |
| Poulenc: Sonata. André Boutard, clarinet; and Jacques Fevrier, piano. Sonata. Pierre Pierlot, oboe; and Fevrier. *Aubade*. Fevrier, piano; with orchestra conducted by Serge Baudo. Nonesuch H 1033, $2.50; stereo H 71033, $2.50. | Boutard's artistry and the well-balanced participation of Fevrier give an element of interest to this late work of Poulenc which it did not possess when first performed in New York by Benny Goodman and Leonard Bernstein. Perhaps its introduction at a memorial concert was a disadvantage for a work that is anything but lugubrious. The matching artistry of Pierlot in the oboe sonata is also highly advantageous to the composer's purpose. All the values of the *Aubade* (for piano and an ensemble of eighteen) are deftly realized under the direction of Baudo. The appeal of the disc is much enhanced by its singularity—none of the works it contains is currently listed in the Schwann catalogue. Generally good sound, though the piano itself is not a very resonant one. |
| Rameau: *La Guirlande*. Bernard Wahl conducting a chamber orchestra and soloists. Nonesuch H 1023, $2.50; stereo H 71023, $2.50. | The suggestion of the first issues on this label that Nonesuch would offer a quality standard as well as a price advantage can no longer be considered valid. This product of Rameau's sixty-eighth year (1751) is full of rich invention and imposing skill in the utilization of it, but the performance raises some doubt that those who sponsor this effort (Club Français du Disque) have the devotion to the composer's interest that they profess. It is a scramble of bleating inaccuracy (tenor Jean-Jacques Lesueur) and caroling inadequacy (soprano Claudie Saneva) compounded by aggressive insensitivity (conductor Wahl). Doubtless it will add to something more specific about the contents of this *Pastoral Ballet* than no recording at all, but it does not fulfil the pledge of the jacket line—"Significant recordings at sensible prices without compromising quality." The recording is not bad. |
| Sarasate: Spanish Dances (Op. 21, 22, 23, and 26), *Caprice Basque, Introduction and Tarantella, Navarra*. Aaron Rosand, violin, and Michal Walevski, piano. Vox PL 12.760; $4.98; stereo STPL 512. 760, $4.98. | Why a violinist with the skill and refinement of Aaron Rosand should remain an enthusiasm of a relatively restricted public is a riddle for which there is no ready answer. Perhaps he is a less satisfactory performer in the concert hall than he is on discs, but in a generous sampling of the latter it is hard to recall one that did not achieve its objective, with a safe margin of security. Here he manages the difficult feat of extracting all the melodic and rhythmic juices from Sarasate's elegant arrangements without calling attention to the virtuosity required to play them as well as he does. Among the dances are those well known by such individual names as *Malagueña, Habañera, Romanza Andaluza, Jota Navarra, Playera, and Zapateapo* (the remaining two are nameless). Violinists and fiddle fanciers generally will find particular pleasure in the superb clarity of his intonation and harmonics in the *Navarra* for two violins, in which Rosand performs both parts. Walevski provides just the right cushion of pianistic sound to display Rosand's gemlike phrases to best advantage. |
| Schubert: Quintet (*Forellen*). Louis Kentner, piano; with members of the Hungarian Quartet and Georg Hartnägel, double bass. Vox PL 12. 600, $4.98; stereo STPL 512. 600, $4.98. | There is nothing at fault with the musicianship of these players, and the ensemble is equally faultless. The only fault is that the players, one and all, seem to dislike fish, especially trout. As a result, the variations evolved by Schubert around the song about the *Forelle* (trout) are dispatched with something less than humor and affection. What could be expected of the string players in this work was hard to foretell, but something more could have been anticipated from Kentner. He is fleet enough in the many decorative passages of the work, which is all to the good, but he tends also to be glib, which is not. The opening sounds very well, and this value is sustained throughout: unfortunately it is the only virtuous thing that is. |
| Thomson, V.: *Four Saints in Three Acts* (excerpts). Soloists and orchestra conducted by the composer. RCA Victor LM 2756, $4.98 (mono only). | Nothing has changed about this performance since it was originally recorded in June 1947 and issued by RCA Victor not long thereafter. That it nevertheless sounds considerably better now than it did then is a tribute to the enhanced skills that have been developed in upgrading what was originally a rather dry, confined sound. Now it has something like the lightness and brightness suitable to the frolicsome virtuoso quality of the writing. Also, time has adjusted the senses to its seeming *non-sequiturs*, enlarged the pleasure in its felicities, and deadened the resistance to its less satisfactory episodes. The last part of it, in particular, is a sonorous pleasure. It is also an apt reminder of the vocal gifts and artistic awareness of such performers as Ruby Greene (St. Teresa II), Inez (St. Settlement) and Edward Matthews (St. Ignatius), Charles Holland (St. Chavez), and Beatrice Robinson-Wayne, who sings St. Teresa I. |
| Wagner: "Zu neuen Thaten" (*Götterdämmerung;* "Dies Alles—hab ich nun geträumt" (*Parsifal*). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano; and Lauritz Melchior, tenor; with orchestra conducted by Edwin McArthur. Schumann: *Er und Sie, Ich denke dein, Familien-Gemälde, So wahr die Sonne scheinet* and *Unter'm Fenster*. Lotte Lehman, soprano; with Melchior; and orchestra conducted by Bruno Reibold. RCA Victor LM 2763, $4.98 (mono only). | As well as testifying to the riches of voice and art that Flagstad and Melchior had to expend on Wagner in 1939-40, this disc is a reminder of the parsimony practiced in those days by those to whom they were under contract to record. The superbly sung *Götterdämmerung* excerpt could hardly be excelled for vocal strength and purity, but the stellar singers were forced to make do with a smallish orchestra and a conductor obviously inexperienced for the task he assumed. The excerpt from Act II of *Parsifal*, which may remain the finest performance of this music ever recorded, is decidedly better in totality, thanks to the use of an orchestra composed largely of Philadelphia Orchestra personnel, and more suitable acoustical surroundings. McArthur is also better adjusted to the duties of *Parsifal* than he was to those of *Götterdämmerung*. This is identified as Mme. Flagstad's favorite recording of her voice, the reasons for which are clearly audible. In the Schumann duets, the two performers are too much the opera singers, especially as the trickle of accompanying sound from the "orchestra" is contrived for the purpose by the conductor. (Schumann was quite content with the piano.) However, those who are acquainted with Lehmann's voice only from later recordings will find it here sounding something like it did in the prime of her career. All three reproductions favor the voices, but at least today's listeners do not have to put up with the blanketing grind of surface sound that penalized those who were young when the recordings were. —I.K. |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE OTHER SIDE

## Anniversaries for Churchill, Gobbi

LONDON.

BY THIS time it has become only too evident how vital a role the Royal Festival Hall plays in London's musical life. Deprived of this venue until its reopening in February, we have so far experienced a sadly crippled winter season in which orchestral concerts take place in surroundings that are either too large or too small, uncomfortable or awkward to get to, not to mention the fact that the liveliest of our orchestras has not been seen in these parts since the end of September. Add to this Covent Garden's almost total abandonment of the repertory system in favor of the *stagione*—so that the entire season's performances of any one opera take place in quick succession, and no more than four or five works can be seen within each seven-week "booking period" (though this limitation of choice is also due to the sharing of the theater between the opera company and the Royal Ballet)—and it will be seen why musically inclined Londoners have found little recently to tempt them from the comfort of their firesides.

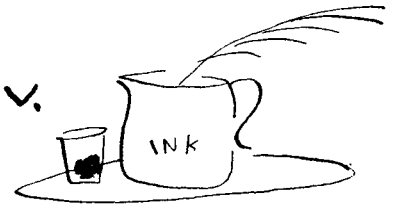
Among the notable exceptions have been a transcendental Wigmore Hall performance of Schubert's *Winterreise* by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten (who, sad to report, are about to take a year's rest from concertizing except for unavoidable commitments such as the Aldeburgh Festival—presumably to give Britten more time for composing) and, of course, Covent Garden's long awaited revival of *Il Trovatore*. Originally planned for last season when Callas, Gorr, and Corelli were to be among the principals, this Giulini-Visconti collaboration finally came before us with a cast of far more modest pretensions, and anyone whose expectations had been geared to the unforgettable *Don Carlo* that the same conductor and producer gave us in the late Fifties was simply asking to be disappointed. *Trovatore*, as every opera lover knows, is a work that calls for nothing more than "the four greatest singers in the world"; instead we were given a fairly sumptuous production, marvelously sensitive and vital conducting, and singing that rarely rose above a level of all-round competence.

Record releases for December are dominated by two personalities who, in their very different ways, are certainly world figures and whose voices are familiar to millions in every continent: Maria Callas and Sir Winston Churchill. It was on November 30 that Britain's great and indomitable wartime leader, the sole survivor of that illustrious trio of statesmen that met in conference at Yalta also twenty years ago, celebrated his nintieth birthday. To mark the occasion, Decca produced a sumptuous album of a scope that must be without parallel in the annals of commercial recording. Costing $70, this album contains, beside a lavishly illustrated folder, no fewer than twelve LP discs—a total playing time of eleven hours!—in which Sir Winston expounds his view of history, covering the period from the Armistice of 1918 to the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany in May 1945.

Apart from the briefest of chapter headings, every word spoken on these discs is in Sir Winston's own voice. The material came partly from radio transcriptions of public speeches and broadcasts to the nation, given between 1943 and 1945, and partly from readings of his voluminous memoirs, which Sir Winston committed to record while he was leader of the Conservative opposition to Attlee's Labor government in 1948-49. The latter category of readings includes several wartime speeches made before the House of Commons, famous speeches whose words will be familiar to many who lived through those fearful and memorable days, and it comes as quite a shock to realize that most of us never actually heard them from Sir Winston's lips until now.

The Callas issue is, of course, Bizet's *Carmen*, in which she makes her long-awaited debut—unseen, unfortunately—as the Gypsy. It is scheduled for release in the United States after the first of the year, and comment may be withheld till then.

Another two-disc HMV album, entitled *The Art of Tito Gobbi*, seems to look ahead to next autumn, when the great Italian baritone will celebrate his fiftieth birthday. In recent years Gobbi's work in the studio has been entirely concerned with complete operatic rôles, but this four-part anthology demonstrates the versatility and intelligence of an artist who can handle *arie antiche*, operatic excerpts, art songs, and popular




Italian favorites with equal conviction, even if his voice is now no longer in its prime. Admirers of Maggie Teyte will welcome a further collection drawn from HMV's archives and devoted to French music; the recordings were made between 1940 and 1948, and they include songs by Ravel (*Shéhérazade*), Berlioz (excerpts from *Les Nuits d'Eté*), Chausson, and Duparc, which the soprano performs with all her accustomed artistry. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

FOR COLORFUL COMPARATOR GUIDE ABOUT
GARRARD
AUTOMATIC TURNTABLES
mail the handy coupon below

Garrard, Dept. GT-54
Port Washington, N.Y.
Please send Comparator Guide

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____

THE E-V TWO
HIGH FIDELITY SPEAKER
"...a very smooth and musical reproducer." HIFI/STEREO REVIEW
"...a quite spectacular sound..." RADIO-ELECTRONICS
"A very satisfying system..." HIGH FIDELITY
"...smooth and easy to listen to." AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE
For full information, write:
ELECTRO-VOICE, INC., Dept. 1244SR
Buchanan, Michigan 49107
Electro-Voice

New Standard in Compact Acoustic Suspension Speaker Systems

$120.00



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Anthology of Anthologies

A FIVE-LP SET, *The Jazz Story* (Capitol WEO 2109), compiled and annotated by Dave Dexter, Jr., is a companion to Dexter's new book, also called *The Jazz Story* (Prentice-Hall). According to a note appended to the LPs, which are boxed but also available singly, the book "has been accepted by numerous high schools and colleges as the definitive text on jazz."

Let's hope that statement is blatant press-agentry, for *The Jazz Story* is a shallow book, deplorably full of errors of fact, curiosities of judgment, and giddiness of writing style.

For the recordings, Dexter had the catalogue of Capitol Records, which has existed only since the early Forties to draw upon, plus other (but not necessarily earlier) material that Capitol has picked up through its alliance with British EMI. Leaving aside for the moment the gaps and limitations bound to result in a representative jazz history culled from the material available, let's look at some important Capitol records and see how they are used in this set.

The company recorded the 1949-50 nine-piece group lead by Miles Davis, featuring Gerry Mulligan, Lee Konitz, John Lewis, Max Roach, J. J. Johnson, and Kai Winding and including such exceptional scores as "Jeru," "Boplicity," "Move," "Godchild," and "Israel" (all currently in print on Capitol T 1974). *The Jazz Story* offers "Moon Dreams," possibly the least important of the series. Capitol has some excellent Art Tatum, including a solo version of "Willow, Weep for Me" that might stand as a definitive example of Tatum's style and his rich harmonic imagination. Dexter, however, chose a very good Tatum trio reading of "Would You Like to Take a Walk." Capitol has the Lenny Tristano group with Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh in currently out-of-print and much-sought-after recordings. None of them is included in *The Jazz Story*.

Inevitably the set also suffers from a preponderance of substitute and remake performances. We begin authentically enough with a 1919 title by the group that first popularized the New Orleans style, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (but it is "Barnyard Blues" and thereby not the best choice). Then we go to blues singer Leadbelly (but doing Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues," not something of his own). From this point, the glory that was Crescent City is represented by remakes from the mid-Forties and later, some of them by such relative young-timers as Eddie Miller, Armand Hug, Wingy Manone, and Ray Bauduc. We do get the real Louis Armstrong, but Louis as of 1946. In Volume II, called *North to Chicago*, we somehow get Phil Napoleon, Red Nichols, and Johnny Hodges, who are all musically bred in New York, plus Julia Lee and Joshua Johnson from Kansas City. Even groups from the Thirties and Forties like those of Benny Goodman, Glen Gray, Bob Crosby, Jimmy Lunceford, Harry James, and Duke Ellington are represented by remakes or out-and-out re-creations. The collection ends with Britisher Joe Harriott's poor Ornette Coleman pastiche called "Shadows."

Then there are Dexter's notes, which list "James" Johnson in one place and J. J. Johnson in another, which insist that Jelly Roll Morton played "two melodies simultaneously," that Don Byas's ultrasophisticated tenor was "typical of the Thirties," that Jimmy Giuffre "prefers to record without piano" (I'm sure Paul Bley and Don Friedman will be surprised to hear that), and which are frequently careless in identifying soloists.

Which does not mean that I consider *The Jazz Story* a complete waste of wax; Volumes III through V are a good enough casual compilation of good-to-excellent material. *The Jazz Story* is one of several currently available efforts to present a history of jazz in an anthology of a few LPs. One can recommend the contents of these sets partly, but never wholly, and one would not recommend even some of the good selections in them as essential to a brief musical survey.

Can one acquire a basic library of a few LPs? Granted that a basic library is only a beginning, and granted that the contents of some LPs are highly uneven, I think the major events in jazz history are covered remarkably well with LPs in the current catalogue. One can begin with Jelly Roll Morton's *King of New Orleans Jazz* (RCA Victor LPM 1649) however, one should note that some Big Idea man spliced a flawed trumpet solo from the warmup take into Morton's "Dead Man Blues." One can capture Louis Armstrong at his peak on (get ready for this title) *A Rare Batch of Satch* (RCA Victor LPM 2322), and on Volumes III and IV of Columbia's *Armstrong Story* (CL 853-4). And Ellington's peak is on *In a Mellowtone* (RCA Victor 1364) and *At His Very Best* (RCA Victor 1715).

Basic Basie is now collected on Decca's two-LP set *The Best of Count Basie* (DBX 170). For Charlie Parker, I shall list several LPs for some of his best are dropping out of print. Try the *Charlie Parker All Stars* (Roost 2210) and *Bird Symbols* (Parker 407). There are other good Parker LPs on Verve and Savoy. There is essential Monk on Blue Note 1509 and 1511. There is essential Ornette Coleman on Atlantic 1317.

And where are King Oliver, Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, Bessie Smith, Sidney Bechet, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Django Reinhardt, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Miles Davis, Modern Jazz Quartet, Sonny Rollins, Charles Mingus . . . ? Well, they're in the catalogue, and a beginning is only a beginning.

For a written account of jazz history one can turn to Marshall Stearns's *The Story of Jazz*, now in paperback and, despite a somewhat cavalier treatment of the Thirties, still the best history.

NOTE: On the heels of a recent discussion in this space of Ella Fitzgerald comes a reissue (the second so far) of her first and far superior George Gershwin album, *Ella Sings Gershwin* (Decca DL 4451), still essential Ella Fitzgerald and essential American song.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.


VANGUARD
*Recordings for the Connoisseur*
*New Releases*

HAYDN
Symphony No. 39 in G minor
Symphony No. 73 in D, "La Chasse"
*The Esterhazy Orchestra; David Blum, conductor*
VRS-1123 & *VSD-71123

THE VIRTUOSO PIANO
An awesome and breathtaking compendium of the temperamental and spectacular concert pieces by Herz, Hummel, Thalberg, Rubinstein, Godowsky and Paderewsky, affectionately and brilliantly performed by *Earl Wild*
VRS-1119 & *VSD-71119

PROKOFIEV
Symphony No. 3, Op. 44 Le Pas d'acier—Ballet suite
*Utah Symphony Orchestra; Maurice Abravanel, conductor*
VRS-1122 & *VSD-71122
*Stereo

*Send for catalog. Discophile, 26 W. 8 St., N.Y.*



**CHANGES OF ADDRESS**
Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover.

**SATURDAY REVIEW**
*Circulation Department*
380 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

### For Warlock, or Heseltine

PHILIP HESELTINE (1894-1930)—or "Peter Warlock," to use the pen name he adopted—was one of the most colorful figures in British music in the 1920s. As a man, he served as the original for characters in novels by both Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence. As a scholar and author, he published numerous transcriptions of Elizabethan music and the first full-length study of the work of Frederick Delius. As a composer, Warlock produced more than 100 solo songs and choral pieces. . . .

Nearly twenty-five years after his death, a great part of Warlock's music remains virtually unknown, and it is to remedy this state of affairs that the Peter Warlock Society was founded in October 1963, with Sir William Walton as president and Sir Arthur Bliss as vice president. The society's first venture was a seventieth-anniversary concert held in London last November 4. Wilfred Brown sang two groups of solo songs, and a section of the London Orpheus Choir under James Gaddern performed six of the choral pieces. Plans for further concerts and recordings of Warlock's music are in preparation.

The society will be glad to have more members. All who are interested are invited to communicate with me at 130 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y. 10010.

ROBERT L. BECKHARD.

New York, N.Y.

### More Brahms Lieder, Please

YOU HAVE OFTEN commented on the fact that there are fifteen different versions of Rigoletto, the Fifth Symphony, Tchaikovsky's symphonies, etc. On the other hand, there are still many wonderful compositions that are not properly represented in the record catalogues. At the moment, I am thinking of Brahms's Lieder. There are a few records which on one side have some Brahms songs and on the other side Schubert, Debussy, Schumann, or other songs.

Why none of the record companies, including the European ones, has issued an album consisting of two, three, or more records of the many Brahms wrote, this music lover does not understand.

L. H. GRUNEBAUM.

Scarsdale, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One problem is to find a singer who can perform one, two, or three records—not to mention "more"—of Brahms's lieder. Such singers aren't abundant.*

### Volumes and Values

CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN to me the recording companies' constant (and, to my mind, nefarious) practice of recording all their classical records at an infinitely lower volume than that of their popular discs? The latter always sound brilliant, after months of mistreatment, because the low volume setting they require makes surface noise all but inaudible. With the former it's the music that's inaudible, not only at low volume setting but also at high, where the surface hiss nearly obliterates the music.

Your reviewers all chatter about the great strides made in recording techniques during the past decade. As far as I'm concerned, some of the best 1948 vintage LPs taken from old shellac sound better than many, if not most, of the recent ones. Certainly the issues of the mid-Fifties were vastly superior to current releases.

Even though it sounds unlikely, I am almost tempted to believe that reviewers are sent recordings of higher quality than those shipped out to the dealers. I can't just accidentally have stumbled upon *that* many defective copies.

JOHN E. CLERKIN, JR.

Sheboygan, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reviewers, perforce, play the records sent to them. If they are specially selected, it would be an act of consideration not commonly associated with record companies. But to judge from the kind of complaint noted above, some thought should be given to the record-playing equipment as well as the record that is played.*

## Movies and Critics

*Continued from page 12*

critic was good unless he had "an honest regard for the medium" and took "the trouble to understand the various appeals of the film rather than judging it solely on the basis of his own taste."

What about the importance of film-making experience for the critic who would write about films? Kramer and Dmytryk saw not the slightest necessity for such experience. "Their technical comments are more often in error than not," Kramer said, "but I find this kind of comment unnecessary." Dmytryk could "think of nothing which will insure bias and bitterness about any medium quite so certainly as one's failure in it." And he couldn't imagine a successful film-maker taking a job as a critic. Elia Kazan thought it would "be nice" if critics had such experience. "Actually the most interesting film criticism that I have ever had on any of my films came in the course of conversation with certain French film-makers. I found that whereas the rating process of most of our newspaper critics was meaningless to me, the discussions with film-makers I had which went into technical aspects, cutting and camera, as well as content, have had real value. Some of the critics who write for newspapers seemed bored with films, just barely controlling some kind of outrage that they have to see as many as they do." Frank Perry went so far as to say that it was probably undesirable for critics to have had film-making experience.

David Slavitt thought such experience "absolutely irrelevant. I do not expect of a literary critic that he also be a poet or novelist." Arthur Schlesinger's view was that "criticism and creation are surely distinct functions, even if occasionally they dwell in the same breast." Miss Kael's point of view was much the same. The verdict from film-makers and critics alike was that critics need feel no obligation to dabble in film-making.

When it came to the question dealing with the possibility of critics being more helpful to film-makers and audiences, Stanley Kramer could "think of no way. The film-maker, of necessity, must have an inbred arrogance and sense that what he is doing transcends even the word of the critics." Leon Roth felt that one way the critic could be helpful would be "to see fewer films and to be given more time to express his views." Edward Dmytryk expressed the notion that "the special axes to grind of critics in some of the most widely read publications" were not helpful. "One of the reasons for the low esteem Hollywood holds for many critics," he said, "is their basic dishonesty. A critic for a leading sophisticated magazine told me a few


## RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes or the like. Rate 70¢ per word: 10-word minimum.

Count two extra words for box and numbers. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

**ROBERT STOLZ** conducts his greatest songs, Eurodisc, Schock, Muszely, beautifully boxed, 2 LPs, mono $9.75, stereo $11.00. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

**ISN'T IT WORTH 15¢ A MONTH** to learn promptly of the new recordings of lasting interest? Record collectors since 1933 have depended upon the frank reviews in THE NEW RECORDS. All standard labels are covered in this monthly magazine, plus many unusual records not reviewed elsewhere. Year's subscription (12 issues) $1.50; introductory offer—next 10 issues—$1. H. Royer Smith Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19107.

**"HARD TO GET"** records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 812 Seventh Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

**3M POLYESTER TAPES.** 1,200' $1.29; 1,800' $1.99. Towers, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444.

**OUT-OF-PRINT** records, primarily 78 rpm. Some deleted LPs: classical vocal, instrumental, popular, personality, jazz. Monthly sales list of classical vocals. Authoritative appraisals. Collections bought. The Record Album, 254 West 81st Street, New York 24, N.Y.

**ALL AVAILABLE ENGLISH** and European LPs from stock or 6/8 weeks' delivery. Regular lists of 78 and LP Collectors' items. Ross, Court & Co., 3244 Yonge, Toronto, Canada.

**THIS IS PIANO!** "That's All" by Herman Chittison. A definitive LP destined to become the most important piano record of our time. Hear it—it's a collector's item! Comes to you in astounding stereo, $5.98, monaural, $4.98. L'Elegant, 110 West 47th, NYC 10036.

**HAYDN SOCIETY RECORDS** are again available. Send for complete catalogue and order form. Esoteric, Incorporated, P.O. Box 1799, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago that he was under orders not to be favorable to Hollywood films." One critic he watched at a film festival, he said, "always appeared at the showings drunk, and never saw more than the first five minutes of any film."

Robert Radnitz was less bleak about the role of the critic. "The critic," he said, "is read today more than ever before. People are more conscious today of film as an art form. Ergo, film criticism plays and fulfils an ever-increasing function." Leon Roth and Frank Perry wanted the critics to work harder to discern the film-maker's intention. Danial Taradash, an Academy Award-winning screenwriter, was willing to give critics their due for "the respect accorded foreign films in recent years" and said he thought that this very respect "has improved quality and techniques in the American cinema." They could be even more helpful, he suggested, if they had less "certainty about what is writing, what is direction, what is production, etc., in the picture." A little more knowledge about these various areas would not, in his opinion, be a dangerous thing.

David Slavitt, from the critical side of the fence, saw no way at all for the critic to be more helpful to the film-maker. "I do not deign to tell Disney how to make movies, nor presume to tell Fellini. The filmgoer? Which filmgoer? The mass audience is beyond my help and interest. The serious filmgoer is a rare bird. But if he is rare, he is worth all our trouble. And what film criticism can do is help him to be better. Most of what is written about the movies is reprehensible rot, illiterate, obtuse, offensive nonsense. Nobody ever talks about what a movie looks like. It's very depressing."

Pauline Kael's reply to Question 7 was that it was "the sort of question that makes you wonder why you've bothered with the first six." But Mr. Schlesinger thought the question was worthy of answer. The critic could be more helpful "only by writing clearly and honestly and maintaining reasonably stringent standards."

The questionnaire revealed above all that film-makers will continue to make films as they please and see fit, and critics will write about them as they please and see fit. If the smoke of battle can be discerned in the statements made above, the ultimate outcome of the battle appears to be a stalemate. And perhaps, after all, that's the way it ought to be.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 13, 6, 12, 1, 10, 18, 9, 7, 2, 8, 16, 15, 17, 11, 3, 5, 14.


## CLASSIFIED

*CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 70¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 62¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 64¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 66¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 68¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.*

## LITERARY SERVICES

**MANUSCRIPT TYPING.** Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

**TOPS IN TYPING**—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

**INDEXER.** Experienced. Humanities and social sciences. Free lance work or permanent position desired. Box K-778.

## BOOKS

**FRENCH. SPANISH. ITALIAN** books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

**CAN YOU SPEAK BRITISH?** Order a martini in London? Reserve orchestra seats? Buy a roundtrip ticket? You'll need de Funiak's unique little American-British Dictionary. Paper covers, $1.50. Bookstore, University of San Francisco, San Francisco 17, California.

**BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA.** 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

**THE PAPERBACK SELLER**—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

**BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS**—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

**SAVE TO 84%** on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

**FREE** Paperback Catalogue. Great Savings. New York Paperback-Record Club, 4-S West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

**EXCHANGE PAPERBACKS.** details 10¢. Bruce Clark, SR, 115 McGavock Pike, Nashville, Tennessee 37214.

**MEXICO** Pocketbook Series. Published: History, Flora, Hunting. Each book 96 pages, color illustrations. U.S. $1.60 price includes postage. MINUTIAE MEXICANA, Alvaro Obregon 286, Mexico 7, D.F.

**THE SECOND WORLD WAR.** The official British Histories of the 1939 war are available from British Information Services (Sales), 845 Third Avenue, New York 10022. Catalogue available.

## FRENCH BOOKS

**THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP.** 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

## BOOKPLATES

**FREE CATALOGUE**—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES. Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

## OUT-OF-PRINT

**BAER'S BOOK SEARCH.** 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

**CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT** and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

**NAME THE BOOK** — We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

**OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND.** Extensive contacts—wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 143 West Newton Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118.

**LOCATE BOOKS!** Florida Booksearchers, Box 15070, Orlando, Florida 32808.

**TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS.** Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

**OUT-OF-PRINT?** Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

**FREE SEARCH SERVICE.** Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, Box 194, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

**FROM STOCK!** Good Books—At Fair Prices with Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

**YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT.** Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

**INFINITE BOOKS.** thousands stocked. Box 86, Kenmore, New York 14217.

**OUT-OF-PRINT** books. Send wants. Bookshop, S-Montford, Asheville, N. C.

## BACK NUMBERS

**AMERICAN HERITAGE** Magazines: Volumes I (1949) through XV (1964). All Sold-Bought. Issues, Runs. Also HORIZON Magazines. Reid-Books, 1404 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11230.

## FOREIGN PERIODICALS

**FRENCH. ITALIAN. SPANISH. POLISH** periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36

**SUBSCRIPTIONS** to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

## ART

**OESTREICHER'S REFERENCE BOOK** of Fine Art Reproductions. Largest guide to fine prints available. Contains over 12,000 titles by 1,500 artists. Illustrates over 1,100 reproductions. $2.50 postpaid, foreign $3.50. Oestreicher's Prints Inc., 43 West 46th Street, NYC 10036.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

**HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS** — Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

**RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES.** Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

**MUSICAL DELIGHT** for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

**IMPORTED HARPSICHORDS** — Sassmann, Pleyel, deBlaise, Ranftl, Senftleben. Hilmar Teubert, Box 3486, Savannah, Georgia.

**TWO MANUAL HARPSICHORD,** metal frame. Seven pedals. $2,875. 3114 B Portage Bay Pl., Seattle, Washington.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PIANO INSTRUCTION

**RICHARD ANDREWS**—B.S., Juilliard M.M. Learning the piano as a creative experience. Beginners and advanced. COlumbus 5-3484 NYC.

## SCHOOLS

**GREEN VALLEY**—A small, tutorial school for superior students and gifted underachievers. Orange City 5, Florida.

**MEXICO!** Intercultural, coed preparation for top U.S. colleges. Grades 7-12. High-powered seminars, boarding with Mexican families, limited enrollment. Accelerated summer program. Butler Institute, Madero 762, Guadalajara, Mexico.

## COLLEGES

**COLLEGE DROP-OUTS:** We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017.

**GERMAN ACADEMIC YEAR** for American students in Neckar Valley Castle. September '65-June '66. Transferrable credits. $1,700. Write: Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Neckar, Germany.

## FOR THE GOURMET

**GOURMET FOODS** for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

**GRANDMOTHER WELLES' MYSTIC COOKBOOK**—Three generations, original, authentic New England-Southern cookery. Unique gift. $2.95 postpaid. Everett Edwards Press, DeLand, Florida.

## PERSONALS

**CAPES,** with or without hood, of handwoven Irish tweed. Coats also. And much yardage for your own tailoring. Circular. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

**HARPSICHORD**—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 14.

**SEEKING PEACE OF MIND?** Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76th St., NYC 21.

**RED CLAY READER.** Don't miss this for fun of what's happening now in 1st annual collection of new southern writing. Hardback. Beautiful. Limited edition. $3.00. Charlotte 11, N.C.

**"PRINTED TO YOUR ORDER"** by ex-NYC lithographic craftsmen at country cousin prices. Specify needs for prompt quotation. Unicorn Farm Printery, Gilbertsville, N.Y. 13776.

**OLD LETTERS WANTED.** Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

**FOOT COMFORT**—Also extra large sizes. Free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles, double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots, deerskin outdoors apparel. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

**COVERED WAGON MOVERS.** Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

**MERITORIOUS RESTORATION.** Antique modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC.

**ANYONE KNOWING WHEREABOUTS** original manuscript Oliver La Farge's "Laughing Boy" please contact Marie Rodell, 145 East 49th, New York 10017, PLaza 3-0042.

## PERSONALS

**WRITER-EDITOR,** male, nationally published with solid academic background, seeks assignments in speech writing, rewriting, corporate PR. Box K-329.

**SHEEPSKIN COATS** from Scotland—Imported by manufacturers. Antartex Sheepskin Shop, 139 East 76th, NYC, for catalogue—many styles, colors. From $65. Shops—Boston; Middleburg, Virginia; Miami.

**TOP CASH PAID** for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

**YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE.** Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U. S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952, RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

**NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS.** Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

**ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM** for men and women over 25 whose college careers were interrupted before graduation. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Enter in February or August. Write: Mrs. Polly B. Holden, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

**BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN,** at a fraction of their American retail prices. $11.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey.

**BLUE GLASS LINERS** for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

**WHAT IN THE WORLD** happened the day you were born? Colorful 8" x 10" scroll highlights news headlines, best-sellers, songs, etc. for any date. Unique, personalized gift, name inscribed. 10 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. $4.25. Free sample. Birthdate Research, Box 249-E, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

**RENT OR BUY** a new European car for your trip abroad. Free 36 page catalogue. Indicate car preference. Europe by Car, Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 20, N.Y. LT 1-3040.

**FASCINATING MAGAZINE** for book collectors! Information free. TBA, Webster 31, New York.

**THE PUBLISHERS' SCHOOL FOR WRITERS** offers workshops with professional editors in leading New York publishing houses. Enrollment for spring term closes January 20th. For information and application, write the school at 30 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

**ARE THERE REASONS WHY HUMANISTS** should join the American Humanist Association? We need members who are reluctant to join organizations. Introductory literature. Dept. SR-7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

**"INSTANT SPANISH."** Actual conversation. Free sample lesson. Ray, 68 River Route, Dept. L-19, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

**SCRABBLE-PLAYER'S IDEAL GIFT!** Compact plastic TURNER for smooth scramble-free games. Only $2.49 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specialty Sales, 4002 6th Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11232.

**THE FALL "SILO"** has stories, poems, photography, architectural plans and music. One dollar at bookstores or write SILO, Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont.

**GOLD BONDS**—Need tracing, 1901, 6%, $500. Howes, Georgetown, Connecticut.

**FOR SALE:** First edition "Thundering Herd." Best offer. Spurlock, P.O. Box 21002, Denver, Colorado 80221.

**MINIATURE TEA SET,** each item 1908 Indian head penny. Offers? Box K-780.

**RESEARCH,** writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box K-134.

## PERSONALS

**DELIGHTS AND BENEDICTIONS** be yours this holiday season and in the new year. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia.

**EDUCATIONAL CONSULTANT,** male, seeks administrative position as assistant to President in established liberal arts college, foundation or emerging institution. Liaison man capable of multiple responsibilities. National experience, academic honors, top references. Box K-769.

**UNIVERSITY JUNIOR,** studying second semester in Italy, seeks summer position in Europe—governess, tutor. Available NYC interview. Box K-766.

**READING-STUDY SPECIALIST** desires interesting summer position. Excellent references. Box K-772.

**YOUNG AUSTRIAN WOMAN** seeks U.S. position. Steno, French. Luise Pirkwieser, Boblingen/Wurttemberg, Lauchstrasse 1, Germany.

**WILL DO RESEARCH.** All subjects. Deadlines met. Box K-777.

**WRITER-EDITOR,** male, experienced on national and local levels, winner of several journalistic awards, seeks permanent connection in New York area. Good academic background. Box K-312.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**SEMINAR LEADERS**—Summer Teenage Program includes study of mass media; also seminar on inner issues confronting adolescents. The Rock, Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

**ACADEMIC VACANCIES** in Canadian Universities and Colleges. A list of teaching and administrative openings is published in November, February and April by the Canadian Universities Foundation, 75 Albert Street, Ottawa 4, Canada. Annual subscription: $1.00.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Rent—Furnished

**MAUI, HAWAII.** Modern 4 bedroom beach house just redecorated, perfect for 2-3 vacationing couples. Coconut palm acreage, near shopping and airport. $500 monthly. **JUST COMPLETED** Tahitian style cottage. Bedroom, living, kitchen, bath, large lanai. $250 monthly. Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

**ARIZONA**—Luxurious 5 bedroom house, horses, handyman, swimming pool. Near golf course. 20 minutes Mexico. 40 minutes Tucson. $1,200 one month. Less longer period. Box K-471.

**HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.** New cottages overlooking lake and mountains. Private estate with air field. Bear and turkey hunting. Skiing, skating, swimming, tennis, golf and riding at nearby world-famous Homestead Hotel. Call or write for brochure: Clarkson & Wallace, Inc., Warm Springs, Virginia. Telephone Hot Springs 28471.

**WAITSFIELD, VERMONT.** Ideal year-round rural retreat for writer, nature lover or retired couple. Panoramic view of countryside and Green Mountains. Landscaped, architect-designed house built six years ago; spacious living room with fireplace; 2 double bedrooms and baths, small study, electric kitchen. 4 miles from village. All sports nearby; one hour from Burlington airport. Owner moving to California reserves 1 month summer occupancy, desires responsible tenants. References required. Box K-465.

### For Rent—Furnished or Unfurnished

**JAPANESE INSPIRED CONTEMPORARY HOME** on wooded acre. Beautiful view Lake Champlain. Beach privileges. 45 minutes from Stowe. 4 bedrooms, fireplace, dining room, slate floors. Furnished or unfurnished. Immediate occupancy. $300 month. Box K-764.

*(Continued on page 58)*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 57)

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU** will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

**MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES** for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**50 ACRE** Vermont tree farm. Good road, privacy, splendid view, spring water. Nice building site. For investment or enjoyment. Only $2,900. Mario Corti, 84 Broad Street, Lyndonville, Vermont.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**SUCCESSFUL** (both financially and academically) Private School for sale. Council of Basic Education oriented. Florida East Coast. $144,000, 1/3 down. Purchaser must stand rigid academic investigation. Box K-762.

## CAMPS

**FOR THE TALENTED:** Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

**MAINE SAILING SCHOOL**—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California 95453.

**THE ASHCROFTERS** Mountaineering School for Boys. Adventure! White water trip, mountain climbing, extensive pack tripping, wilderness survival training. Boys 13-17 years. Write Dave & Sherry Farny, Box 4, Aspen, Colorado.

## RETIREMENT LIVING

**ADD MORE LIFE** to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalajara. Free information. Write Box K-456.

## VACATIONS

**YEARNING FOR THE TRANQUILLITY** of casual, Island-type living, yet desire every service—plus gourmet dining? Write Herb Field, "The Elegant Beachcomber," Colony Beach Club, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

**NEW YEAR'S EVE AT ADVENTURE INN** on subtropical Hilton Head Island, halfway between New York and Miami, just off U.S. Highway 17. Feast on roast island duckling and oysters a la Hilton Head. Dance to the rhythm of a native orchestra. Join in Auld Lang Syne at a cocktail party around the fireside. Come for New Year's Eve and stay for golf on 2 championship courses and the South's finest lighted par-three; tennis, horseback riding beside the sea. Holiday rate of just $53.00 each includes 6 days, 5 nights, breakfast and dinner, New Year's Eve dinner-dance, room for 2 on the ocean. Call 803-785-3372 for reservations or write Box 15, The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, S.C.

**HORACE SUTTON** complimented our 2, 3, and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments; pool. Daily, weekly, monthly. Near Beach & Racquet Club. Corniche, P.O. Box 91, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I. NYC Office, MUrray Hill 4-6823.

**RELAX!** Three thousand acre guest ranch in Catalina Mountains. Beautiful accommodations, reasonable rates, riding, swimming, golfing, trips included! Color brochure. Saddleback Ranch, Route 2, Box 716, Tucson, Arizona.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

**TIRED?** Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN.** Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**NEWFOUNDLAND VACATION.** Honeymoon, fishing or hunting trip? Specify and write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland.

## VACATIONS

**BUCCANEER INN**—Holiday award winning restaurant and secluded hideaway patio rooms, efficiency apartments, pool, private Gulf beach privileges, fishing, boating, quiet, restful, on sleepy lagoon. Write Harbor House, Buccaneer Inn, Sarasota, Florida.

**WINDHAM HILL FARM.** West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn — books — music — good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

**PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA**—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, TENNIS—3 clay courts—instruction and equipment available; shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

**PATAGONIA, ARIZONA.** Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

**BLUEBERRY HILL!** Winter! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

**HIDEAWAY** for delightful, talented, creative guests. Tennis, fishing, golf nearby. Gourmet meals. De luxe accommodations. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

**CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING.** White sand beaches. Everything to do—or nothing. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

**SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE** to hunting and fishing camps lists more than 300 recommended camps in New England, eastern Canada. $1.00. Sportsman's Guide, 15 Moose Hill Parkway, Sharon, Massachusetts.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**LIVE AND STUDY** art in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America! Live with a French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Santander, learn Spanish language and culture! Pre-college students, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

**MUSIC FESTIVAL TOUR:** 36 superlative performances in England, Scotland, Holland, Aix-en-Provence, Lucerne, Salzburg, Bayreuth, Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris, London, introduced and evaluated by outstanding musicologists. July 6th-August 25th. $1,876 with good tickets, fine hotels and meals, comprehensive sightseeing, many side trips. STUDY ABROAD Inc./250 West 57th Street, New York 19/Box 1505, Escondido, California.

**SUMMER SCHOOLS-INTERNATIONAL.** Campuses in France, Austria and Switzerland for High School Students. Native professors teach all classes. All students accompanied by U.S. chaperones. Pleasant combination of classes and free time. Write for details. Summer Schools-International, P.O. Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota.

**EXCITING!!! EUROPE-$195.** That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Pratique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dances, etc.; sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. Educational Travel Association, 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036.

**GERMANY:** 2 exciting summer courses in Neckar Valley Castle. Concentrated German language training. Beginners, intermediate, advanced. Total cost $230 (including excursions). Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Neckar, Germany.

**EASTERN AND WESTERN EUROPE** Political Science Study-Tour. 62 days—Seminars plus full sightseeing, unregimented free time. Credit offered. $1,690 complete. Full information, Dr. Emmet Mittlebeeler, Government Department, American University, Washington, D.C.

**INTERNATIONAL STUDY-DOMESTIC.** Outstanding high school youth apply for the Summer Workshop of Nations. Amongst the redwoods, near San Francisco, foreign instructors from Africa, Asia and Latin America teach about the customs and cultures of their peoples. 3 weeks. An educational-recreational "once in a lifetime experience." Write: Nations Incorporated, P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley, California.

**TEN YOUNG LADIES 17-21.** 57 day teacher supervised. Europe, Greece (includes Rhine and Greek Island cruises). From New York, $1,962. EDUCATOURS, 4348 Van Nuys Boulevard, Sherman Oaks, California.

## TRAVEL

**NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD,** 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

**VILLAS AND YACHTS** in Europe, North Africa, elsewhere. Rentals from two weeks. For brochure write: International Villas and Yachts (Ivy, Inc.), 28 Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

**LOW COST STUDENT TRAVEL** that college and pre-college students can afford! Select one of 30 unique tours, each emphasizing a different area of Europe, Israel, Latin America . . . including Music Festivals, Art, Bicycling, Hobo, Work Camp, Foreign Guides, student parties. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRA, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

**EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR!** Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

**VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL**—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

**SEE THE WORLD** for $15 a day . . . and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Dutch passenger-freighters offer Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Pakistan, India, Latin America, Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico, Middle East and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40-North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

**VISITING NEW YORK?** See it with knowledgeable young woman New Yorker on unique private tour. Social and economic design seen through selected neighborhoods. Itineraries tailored to individual tastes. $26 per day includes transportation. Box K-404.

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

**BACHELOR PARTY®**—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 32 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

**EUROPE**—1965 Summer Tours: 21-63 days in Europe, $795-$1,745. Write Prof. Loring Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (sr), Northfield, Minnesota.

**UNIQUE EAST-WEST** European Seminar visiting nine countries, seeing government leaders, leaving June 24th. Box K-781.

**HENRY HUDSON HOTEL.** 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Lincoln Center, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Buses, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

**DIAMOND SAFARI.** To jungle rivers of South America. Combine travel with treasure hunting. 15 days, $985. Diamond Safari International, Elm Grove, Wisconsin. SU 6-8790.

**THIS AD** + $7.00 per day entitles you to real value in New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient everything. 350 rooms, bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $2.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense. Special offer expires April.

**EUROPE**—Exciting, carefree summer tour. Ferero, GWU, Washington, D.C. 20006.

**MEXICO U-PLAN-IT.** A unique folder for independent travelers. Hotel and sightseeing descriptions and rates. Restaurant and nightlife information. Guaranteed air and hotel reservations. Gramercy Travel, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1603

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Race, competition, violent quarrel, open to everybody (comp.) | 60 162 93 37 16 12 109 120 144 210 |
| B. Art of great-circle navigation. | 201 160 76 193 130 155 57 69 45 28 |
| C. Pertaining to a reign, kingdom, king. | 19 71 127 84 145 122 |
| D. Amer. Mormon leader (1801-77; full name). | 176 4 207 161 39 198 92 147 129 79 140 110 |
| E. Any valuable animal, not wild, found wandering from its owner. | 63 199 208 31 116 178 |
| F. English county. | 64 82 184 128 151 |
| G. Separated as by a certain coarse sieve. | 70 211 112 10 80 204 191 |
| H. Peculiar persons, traits, events. | 6 146 165 77 58 33 111 185 |
| I. Followed by WORD Q, simple and common phrase meaning for us alone ("too often profaned" by would-be elegant but mistaken speakers). | 72 97 17 51 26 194 34 |
| J. Specifying a school of Greek philosophers, reputedly founded by WORD X. | 44 65 132 179 24 61 11 |
| K. Boat propelled by three rowers, only the middle one of whom uses two (short) oars, the ones forward and astern each using but one. | 98 126 135 189 9 88 |
| L. English musical composer and painter, one of whose operas has words by Gertrude Stein (1883-1950). | 20 89 195 197 214 66 115 42 |
| M. Pompous, bombastic, stiffly formal. | 103 54 156 170 113 102 183 |
| N. Expression used as an aside, negating what has just been said (slang; 3 wds.). | 177 62 29 23 86 158 213 99 209 78 125 |
| O. Relationship of Junior to his father. | 142 83 175 14 53 187 212 215 |
| P. Beam, stone, or arch serving as a lintel to support the masonry over a fireplace. | 67 163 49 121 196 150 |
| Q. See WORD I (3 wds.). | 59 114 167 41 27 153 7 50 |
| R. The third set of participants responsible for the "barbarous noise" that environed Milton in the Twelfth Sonnet. | 46 124 137 166 32 |
| S. Not well known or not knowing well. | 206 164 172 74 131 56 117 91 87 216 |
| T. Any more truly or certainly (used at the end of a clause). | 152 106 100 90 36 105 188 |
| U. Followed by *of the Bumblebee*, a well known imitative piece for the violin (2 wds.). | 81 96 18 101 118 94 143 8 35 |
| V. Wood inlaid with more wood, shell, ivory, etc. | 68 85 43 205 75 182 2 168 119 |
| W. Imaginary stone of impenetrable hardness. | 52 5 30 107 123 203 38 |
| X. See WORD J. | 47 190 157 202 149 138 174 200 25 1 |
| Y. Pertaining to the belief that mind is of central importance in reality. | 139 136 40 3 173 48 148 192 22 186 |
| Z. Famous ancient Jewish leader, empowered by the victorious Artaxerxes to rebuild Jerusalem. | 180 108 55 73 13 154 169 21 |
| Z¹. Mexican dish with chili as chief ingredient. | 159 95 181 104 141 171 15 133 134 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes--one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

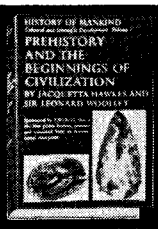
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 1 X | 2 V | 3 Y | 4 D | 5 W | 6 H | 7 Q | | 8 U | 9 K | 10 G | | 11 J | 12 A | | | | | |
| 13 Z | 14 O | | 15 Z¹ | 16 A | 17 I | 18 U | 19 C | | 20 L | 21 Z | 22 Y | 23 N | 24 J | 25 X | 26 I | 27 Q | | | | | | |
| 28 B | 29 N | 30 W | 31 E | 32 R | | 33 H | 34 I | | 35 U | 36 T | 37 A | | 38 W | 39 D | 40 Y | 41 Q | 42 L | | | | | |
| 43 V | 44 J | | 45 B | 46 R | 47 X | 48 Y | 49 P | 50 Q | | 51 I | 52 W | 53 O | | 54 M | 55 Z | 56 S | 57 B | | | | | |
| 58 H | 59 Q | – | 60 A | 61 J | 62 N | 63 E | | 64 F | 65 J | 66 L | 67 P | | 68 V | 69 B | 70 G | 71 C | | | | | | |
| 72 I | 73 Z | 74 S | 75 V | 76 B | 77 H | 78 N | 79 D | 80 G | | 81 U | 82 F | 83 O | 84 C | | 85 V | 86 N | | | | | | |
| 87 S | 88 K | 89 L | | 90 T | 91 S | 92 D | 93 A | | 94 U | 95 Z¹ | | 96 U | 97 I | 98 K | | 99 N | 100 T | | | | | |
| 101 U | 102 M | | 103 M | 104 Z¹ | 105 T | | 106 T | 107 W | 108 Z | 109 A | 110 D | 111 H | 112 G | | 113 M | 114 Q | 115 L | | | | | |
| 116 E | 117 S | 118 U | 119 V | | 120 A | 121 P | | 122 C | 123 W | 124 R | 125 N | | 126 K | | 127 C | 128 F | 129 D | | | | | |
| 130 B | 131 S | 132 J | 133 Z¹ | | 134 Z¹ | 135 K | 136 Y | | 137 R | 138 X | 139 Y | 140 D | 141 Z¹ | 142 O | 143 U | | 144 A | | | | | |
| 145 C | 146 H | 147 D | | 148 Y | 149 X | 150 P | 151 F | 152 T | 153 Q | 154 Z | 155 B | | 156 M | 157 X | | 158 N | 159 Z¹ | | | | | |
| 160 B | | 161 D | 162 A | 163 P | 164 S | 165 H | 166 R | 167 Q | 168 V | | 169 Z | 170 M | 171 Z¹ | | 172 S | 173 Y | 174 X | | | | | |
| 175 O | 176 D | 177 N | 178 E | 179 J | 180 Z | 181 Z¹ | 182 V | | 183 M | 184 F | 185 H | 186 Y | 187 O | 188 T | 189 K | 190 X | 191 G | | | | | |
| | 192 Y | 193 B | 194 I | 195 L | 196 P | | 197 L | 198 D | 199 E | | 200 X | 201 B | | 202 X | 203 W | 204 G | | | | | | |
| 205 V | 206 S | 207 O | 208 E | 209 N | | 210 A | 211 G | 212 O | 213 N | | 214 L | 215 O | 216 S | | | | | | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION,** *Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley*

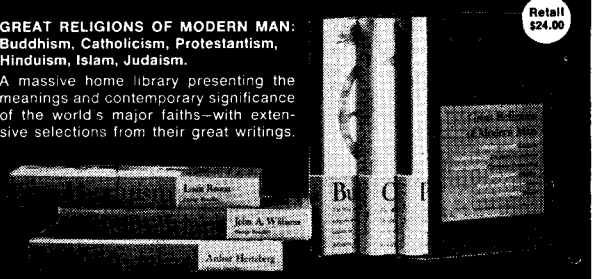



Retail $12.50

The widely-hailed initial volume of the UNESCO HISTORY OF MANKIND—a global history written from an international viewpoint.

**GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.**

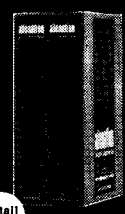
A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths—with extensive selections from their great writings.



Retail $24.00

**ALIENATION: The Cultural Climate of Our Time.** *edited by Gerald Sykes*

Alienated man—his relentless search for personal identity: rarely has the cultural predicament of modern man been depicted so vividly or comprehensively. Ninety-eight selections from literature, philosophy, psychology, religion, drama, sociology, poetry, and personal narrative expose the harrowing reality of alienation as the universal condition of our time.



Retail $15.00

Retail $17.50

**THE WORLD OF LOVE.**

The full scope and depth of human love—from its experience, meanings, and pathologies to its social and moral aspects—explored in the great writings of over 100 philosophers, psychologists, theologians, anthropologists, and novelists. Including Menninger, Proust, Freud, Aristotle, Fromm, Adler, Lawrence, Malinowski, Dostoevski, and James.

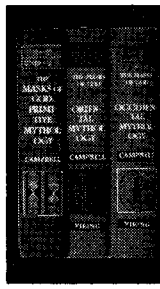
# ANY 2

## OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS

# FOR ONLY $4.95

(Combined Retail Values Up to $45.45)

Ranging from the excitement of contemporary drama to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes—and the outstanding books listed below—are a vivid demonstration of the high quality of selections that The Book Find Club will make available to you as a member. You will recognize them as books of current interest and lasting value. What is more, you may have the Book Find Club selections you want at savings as high as 40%. Then, when your introductory agreement is completed, you will be entitled to choose a free bonus book after every third selection that you take. Why not take advantage of this exceptional opportunity today? And accept any two of these valuable reference works for only $4.95, as your introduction to the many benefits of membership in The Book Find Club.



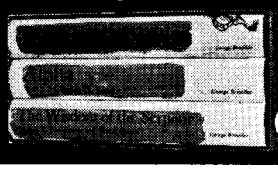
**THE MASKS OF GOD: Primitive, Oriental, and Occidental Mythology** *Joseph Campbell*

The oldest truths of man's inner life seen in the light of a new science to which psychology, anthropology, and archaeology contribute.

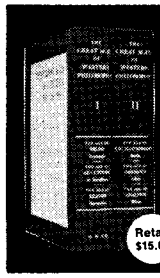
Retail $21.45

**PATTERNS OF MYTH** *Alan Watts, General Editor*

**Alpha:** The Myths of Creation, *by Charles H. Long.* **The Wisdom of the Serpent:** The Myths of Death, Rebirth, and Resurrection, *by Joseph L. Henderson & Maude Oakes.* **The Two Hands of God:** The Myths of Polarity, *by Alan Watts.* Major themes on the myths of human experience presented in authoritative texts, extensive source readings, and illustrations.



Retail $17.50



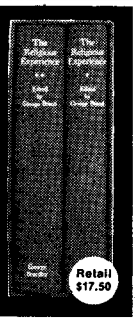
**THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY**

The major writings of the great philosophers through history to today—accompanied by interpretive commentaries to reveal the development of philosophy from St. Augustine to James, Sartre, and Russell.

Retail $15.00

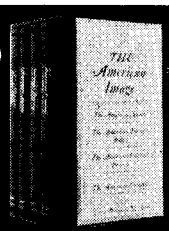
**THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE**

The patterns of religious experience—the encounter of man and his gods—vividly etched in 130 writings by philosophers, theologians, novelists, psychologists and poets. From sin and satanism . . . the problem of religious freedom . . . to agnosticism, atheism, and the death of God—the whole range of human religious experience.



Retail $17.50

Retail $20.00



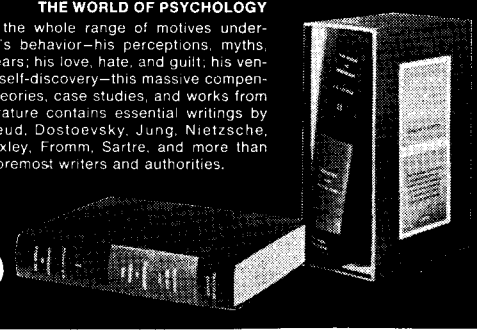
**THE AMERICAN IMAGE** *edited by Ernest R. May*

**Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.**

A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization—from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin.

**THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY**

Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior—his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery—this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from world literature contains essential writings by Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than 70 other foremost writers and authorities.



Retail $17.50

## OUTSTANDING RECENT SELECTIONS

*The Words, Jean-Paul Sartre; and **The Heart of Man,** Erich Fromm. Combined retail price $8.95. Member's price (for both books) $5.95.

**The Protestant Establishment:** *Aristocracy & Caste in America,* E. Digby Baltzell. Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50.

**The FBI Nobody Knows,** Fred J. Cook. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.95.

**The Act of Creation,** Arthur Koestler. Retail $8.95. Member's price $5.95.

**Saint Genet:** *Actor and Martyr,* Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50. Member's price $5.95.

*Abundance for What? David Riesman; *and* **The Martyred,** Richard E. Kim. Combined retail price $11.00. Combined member's price $6.50.

**The Essential Walter Lippmann:** *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.

**Memories, Dreams, Reflections,** C. G. Jung. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.95.

**The Vital Balance:** *The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness.* Karl Menninger. Retail $10.00. Member's price $6.95.

**The City in History,** Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.

**The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell.** Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.

**Identity and Anxiety:** *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* Including Mead, Orwell, Rosenberg, Howe, Richards, Gorer, Jaspers, Mills, and more. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.

**The Invisible Government,** David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.

*TWO BOOKS COUNTING AS ONE SELECTION

## THE BOOK FIND CLUB, INC.

**215 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003**

You may enroll me and send the 2 reference works indicated below for only $4.95 (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

Reference works 1 _____

2 _____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Please print full name

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip Code.....

B64-12SR-1

*(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED